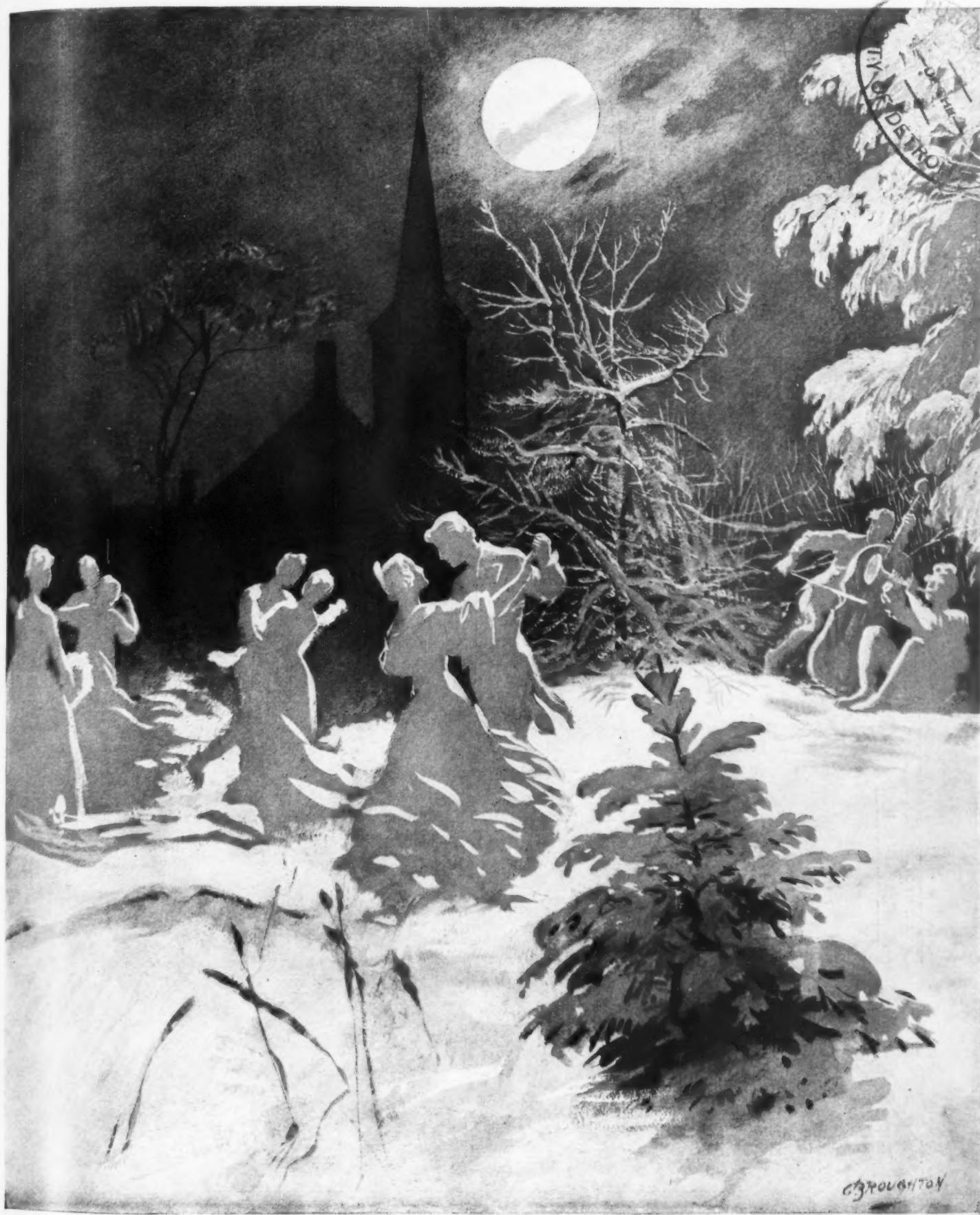


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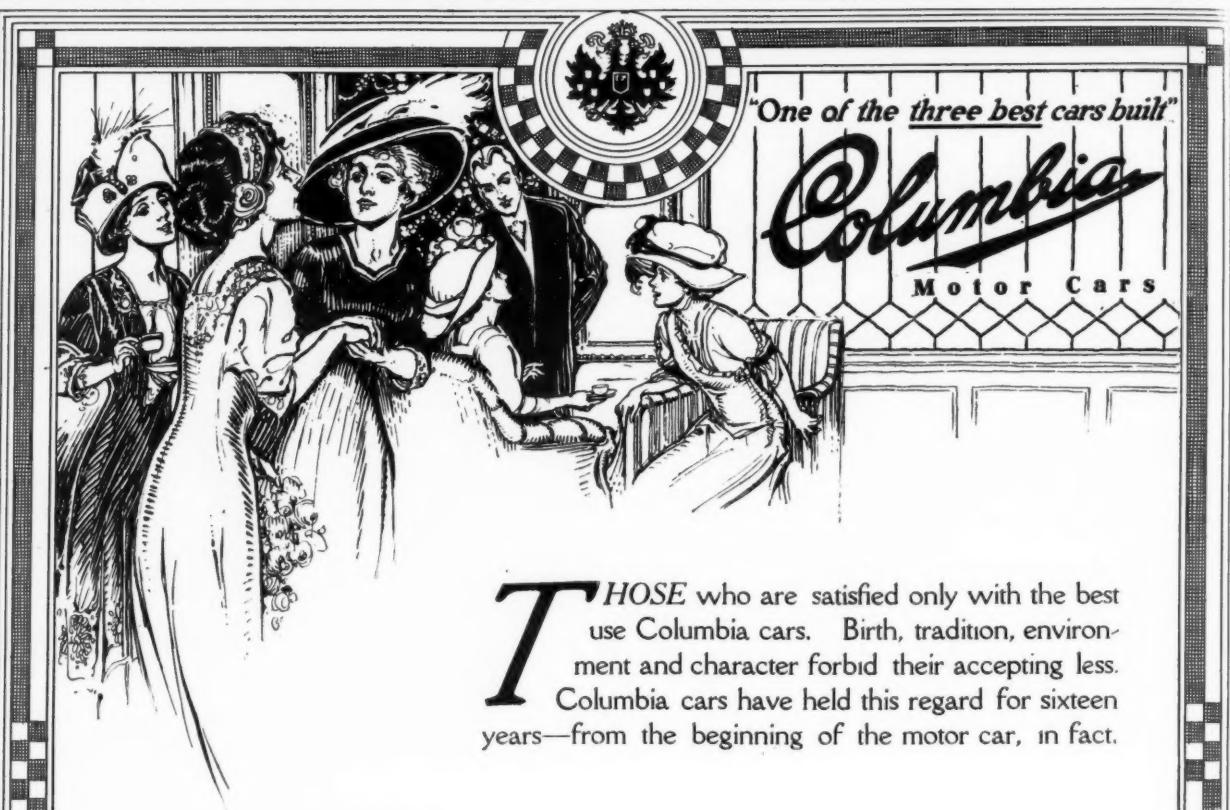
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A SNOW BALL

C. R. W. CROCKETT



THOSE who are satisfied only with the best use Columbia cars. Birth, tradition, environment and character forbid their accepting less. Columbia cars have held this regard for sixteen years—from the beginning of the motor car, in fact.

Columbia cars are built in a factory big enough to build 5000 cars. Only 1000 Columbia cars are built annually and these with infinite care. Every refinement of detail characterizes them. They have many exclusive features.

Send for complete catalogue.

The Columbia Motor Car Company
Hartford, Conn.

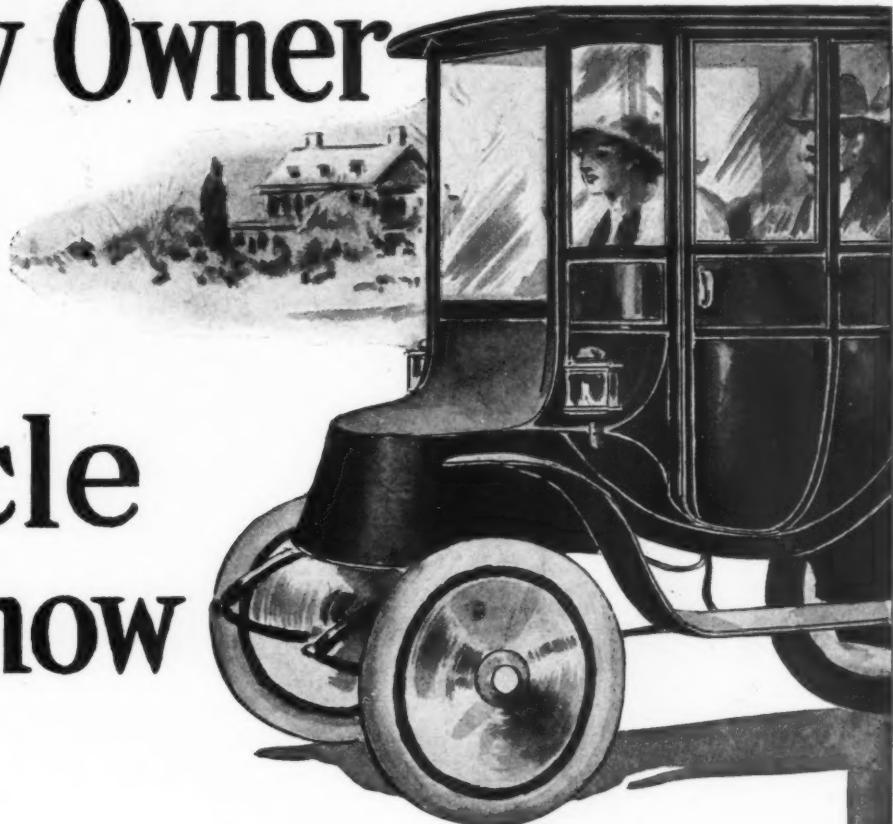
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V., as Second

LIFE.

What Every Owner of an Electric Vehicle Should Know



First of all the BATTERY. Other things are elemental—accepted as matters of course. Electric car makers know how to do their work right.

THE BATTERY is the great essential—the selection of which cannot be too carefully made. There are a number of different batteries made, yet more than 90% of all electric vehicles manufactured are equipped with the "Exide" Battery. These famous makers use the famous "Exide":

Automobile Maintenance & Mfg. Co.
Baker Motor Vehicle Co.
Batten-Dayton Motor Co.
Broc Electric Vehicle Co.
Columbus Buggy Co.
Champion Wagon Co.

Couple Gear Freight Wheel Co.
Columbia Motor Car Co.
Hupp-Yeatts Electric Car Co.
Ideal Electric Co.
C. P. Kimball & Co.
Ohio Electric Car Co.

Phipps-Grinnell Auto Co.
Rauch & Lang Carriage Co.
Studebaker Automobile Co.
The Dayton Electromobile Co.
The Waverley Co.
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This preponderance of use is due to these facts: The Electric Storage Battery Co. has always made the best battery; it has had more experience; it has the largest plant; it has the most efficient methods of testing and proving its product; it has the world's greatest corps of battery experts constantly searching, inventing, improving—and the result is better and better batteries. The latest product of this great organization is the

"Ironclad-Exide" Battery

—a battery that has two to three times the life; that seldom if ever requires cleaning; that gives increased mileage; that can be installed wherever jars of standard "Exide" size are used. *The "Ironclad-Exide" is immensely superior to any other battery ever made.* It is the development of years of quiet but active study and experiment, and long tests already made have proven its entire dependability.

*Write the nearest Sales Office today for the book on this new
and most serviceable battery—The "Ironclad-Exide"*

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

1888

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1911

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The Best Valentine

A Life Print

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Photogravure 15 x 20, \$1.00



"Stupid"

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

DEAR SIR:—There appeared in this week's issue a screed entitled "What a Place!" directed against the Rockefeller Institute.

It is charitable to assume that the family of its author consists of a fat old cat and a wheezy pug dog, both pampered with silk cushions and petted by flabby hands.

It is inconceivable that the father of children cognizant of the horrors of infantile paralysis and of the work of the institute in that field alone could bewail the premature decease of a few monkeys in so great a cause.

Promiscuous vivisection is most de-

plorable, but indiscriminate invective of the sort published is stupid.

I am, sir,

December 7, 1910. C. F. WEED.

Plagiarism?

DEAR LIFE:—In your last issue I noticed your more or less justified comment upon a magazine article submitted by one Cahoon, of Pleasant Lake, Mass.

I wonder if, while you are on the subject of plagiarism, you have the nerve to tackle a man higher up.

I hold in my hand a little pamphlet by Elbert Hubbard, being a reprint from *The Fra Magazine*, and entitled "The Standard Oil Company."

On the reverse of the back cover of the pamphlet I find the following:

"Lay it down as a safe proposition that the fellow who, every little while, has to shake the baby's bank for car-fare, isn't going to evolve into a Baron Rothschild."

I also have on my desk George Horace Lorimer's entertaining book, *Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son*, and on page twenty-two I find the following:

"But I always lay it down as a safe proposition that the fellow who has to break open the baby's bank toward the last of the week for car-fare isn't going to be any Russell Sage when it comes to trading with the old man's money."

I am not informed whether the Sage of East Aurora is also the author of George Horace Lorimer's book or not, but I am inclined to ask the question: What would the resourceful *Fra* reply were the same question put to him that has so many times been put to his oily patron: Where did he get it?

Yours very truly,
HUGO P. REMINGTON.

(Concluded on page 153)

CORDIAL FRONSAC

The World's
Best Cordial

Nothing could be more
refreshing and gratifying
after a good dinner.

Highest Quality.



Aids digestion and adds
to the enjoyment of the
meal.

At all Best Clubs
and Hotels.

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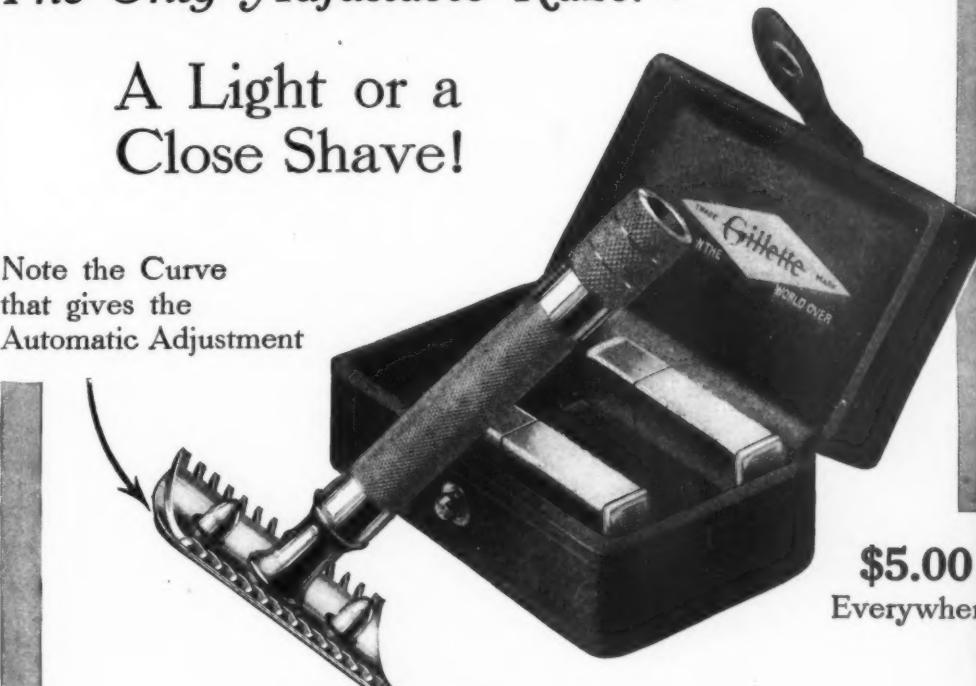
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LIFE

The Only Adjustable Razor—

A Light or a Close Shave!

Note the Curve
that gives the
Automatic Adjustment



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Everywhere

Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

The STANDARD of SAFETY, EASE and COMFORT

Is your beard tougher than the average? Or have you that tender skin which admits of only a light shave?

In either case you need an *adjustable* razor. By simply turning the screw handle, you can adapt the GILLETTE to your particular needs. Your morning shave becomes a delight rather than an irksome duty. The GILLETTE shave is clean, quick, safe and comfortable. The accuracy of the razor's construction, its rigidity, and the security of the blade make it safe.

GILLETTE BLADES are made from the finest steel by special processes. Flexible, with mirror-like finish. Rust-proof and antiseptic. The keenest and hardest edge ever produced. Packet of 6 blades (12 cutting edges) 50c; 12 blades (24 cutting edges) in nickel plated case, \$1.00.

THE GILLETTE LASTS A LIFETIME

Ask your dealer to show you the Gillette Line

Gillette Sales Company 48 West Second St.

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New York-Times Bldg.; Chicago-Stock Exchange Bldg.; Canadian Office-63 St. Alexander St., Montreal; London Office-Gillette Safety Razor Co., Ltd.; Eastern Office-Shanghai, China.

Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris.

NO STROPPING - NO HONING



"If it's a Safety Razor—it's a Gillette."

1786

Ales May Come
And Ales May Go
But **EVANS'**
Goes on Forever

1911

baneful object. It is their intention to make America Catholic, openly expressed and preached from their pulpits. Now, I am not an alarmist and do not for a moment suppose that such an object will eventually win in this country, but would trust the good sense and the strong Protestant feeling throughout the United States to always combat this and frustrate it, but whilst the propaganda is so evidently afoot, articles such as that above re-

ferred to in your last issue hurt these Jesuitical gentry and interfere with their plans. Doubtless you are aware that there is not a single paper in the United States, other than your own, which would dare to publish articles as you have published. There is no stronger weapon than clean-cut satire and clever fun to frustrate any such movement.

Yours very truly,
GEORGE D. STONESTREET.

From Our Readers

(Concluded from page 152)

Corrected

EDITOR OF LIFE:

SIR.—Once more appears to appall us the specter of the oft-repeated and many-time reported myth concerning the so-called "Burning of Witches" in New England, this time, most appropriately, in the columns of LIFE, which is usually so quick to expose shams and to prick the bubble delusion.

Will not LIFE do us the justice to publish its knowledge of the fact that it was a mistake? Burning at the stake seems a favorite form of punishment in some parts of the country, but it never obtained in Salem nor elsewhere in New England.

Yours truly,

EDWARD L. KELLY.

MELROSE, MASS.

Dec. 5, 1910.

Not a Catholic

EDITOR OF LIFE:

In no way presuming to know more than you do about editing a paper, but having entirely the interests of LIFE in view, permit me to write you a few lines of congratulation—in fact, of very hearty congratulation upon the stand which you take and have taken for years past in your excellent paper.

You may or may not be aware of the position of the Roman Catholic Church and the machinations which are under way, through Jesuitical propaganda in this country, having in ultimate view the coalescence of Church and State, and, needless to say, the Roman Catholic Church, at that. I have for a great many years past cut out and preserved every article appearing in Catholic papers, as well as in the secular numbers, which when read collectively undoubtedly point to this

Life's Suffragette Contest

XLI

A Symposium of Reasons

Being a female, aged fifty-three, white, and not a suffragette, I give LIFE a symposium of the views of a group of men.

A composite picture of a suffragette, it seemed to me, would be unique, so I interviewed these fellows. Their stations in life are varied, so are their ages and nationalities:

Coal Dealer, thirty-five:—"Never saw one was any good."

Bond Man:—"Because a woman can't tend to two jobs at the same time."

Jeweler:—"Too dictatorial."

Attorney:—"Because she would make a man feel he was unnecessary in the management of affairs of government."

Lumber Man:—"Because I want a wife and no boss."

Banker:—"I have yet to see the first good-looking suffragette."

Merchant:—"No thrills go with a suffragette."

Corporation Lawyer:—"Just as lief marry a lunatic."

Dry Goods Merchant:—"In all my experience I have yet to see a soft and gentle suffragette, and a man hates a mannish woman."

Tailor:—"Suffragette and good looks at the same time? Never!"

Real Estate Man:—"When they recruit their ranks with young beauties I may consider the matter."

Professor of Languages:—"The very thought of their distorted minds makes me shudder."

College Professor:—"Woman must allure man by magnetic womanliness and sweetness. The psychology of the suffragette precludes all that."

Druggist:—"A nice, cold lobster, right off the ice, would give me just as much pleasure."

A Philosopher:—"Because woman's primal reason for being is thus frustrated."

A Doctor:—"The suffragette is sexless." LOUISE MARKSCHEFFEL.

TOLEDO, O.

XLIII

Why a Man Should Not Marry a Suffragette

Because it would be like marrying a nervous disease.

A man wants a wife not an hallucination.

Men should marry real women. They need the inspiration. A suffragette is a caricature.

Frequently men frisk about the meadows of romance chasing new feminine specimens.



Notice to Contestants

This contest closed on December 31, 1910, no manuscripts received after that date being considered.

On account of the number of manuscripts still to be read by the judges, we are unable, at this writing, to give the date of the prize award.

But it will be as soon as possible.

And when they net a showy one they pin it up proudly to irritate their brother hunters.

But they do not marry specimens. And they should not wed she-politicians.

The only successful women politicians belong to an old and improper profession.

Real women always remain amateurs at a man's game.

They try to be devilish but it tells on them.

Suffragettes are delusions. Ninety-nine of them do not actually know what they are howling about. The hundredth is looking for personal gain of some sort.

Imitation, they say, is the sincerest form of insult.

The suffragette endeavors to express her disapproval of man by wrestling with a policeman for the vote.

Equality of sex will never prove itself in that way but by a true balance of individual and ethical values.

The suffragette unconsciously argues that men are he-women and women she-men.

The woman in politics will always resemble a butterfly sweeping out a refuse barrel with its wings.

Men should marry women—not she-lions or goddesses.

If a flying Victory were to alight on the hearthstone of a modern man he would see nothing more admirable in her than her immediate flight.

And when the lioness had grown tired lashing her tail and growling at things as they are he would leave home with the first fluffy angora who purred to him with her velvet paws clasped firmly at the base of his brain.

KATE MASTERTON.

XLIV

Wouldst
Have
Your
Abode
Made
A
Nest for
Shouting
Howling
Orators
Upholding
Loud
Declarations,

Nagging
On
Tempestuously? Then don't

Marry
A
Reckless
Ridiculous
Yelling

Ardent

Suffering
Unattractive
Foolish
Feminine,
Ruthlessly
Assaulting
Gentlemen,
Ever
Trying
To
Elucidate.

ELIZABETH W. GWINNE.

XLV

Mathematical Reasons Why a Man Should Not Marry a Suffragette

PROPOSITION:

Since it is not good that man should be alone (Genesis, II and XVIII), therefore a man should not marry a suffragette.

A——B

Let A be a man and B a suffragette; It is required to prove that A should not marry B.

Let A marry B.

Now, since it is not good for A to be alone (Genesis, II and XVIII), B must be joined to A mentally, morally and physically.

But this is absurd, since B is joined mentally, morally and physically to "The Cause."

Since "The Cause" must be always opposed to A (axiom) then A should not marry B. That is, since it is not good that man should be alone, a man should not marry a suffragette.

J. R. SNEDDEN

(Concluded on page 155)

PRINCESS HOTEL, BERMUDA

THE IDEAL WINTER RESORT.

Now open. Accommodates 400. Outdoor life all winter, beautiful drives, saddle riding, tennis, golf, yachting, sea bathing. FINE NEW SWIMMING POOL. Only two days from New York by fast, luxurious steamers, sailing twice a week.

HOWE & TWOROGER, Mgrs., Hamilton, Bermuda

Life's Suffragette Contest

(Concluded from page 154)

XLVI

Reasons!

There are reasons fundamental, embryonically plain,

Ridiculously simple to advance,

And a potent reason for it is that failure of the brain

Called a trance.

There are reasons of posterity, you'll certainly admit,

And no legislative measure can refute, That a brood of suffragettes with an acrimonious wit

Would not suit.

There are reasons of eugenics which may possibly occur

To the more subjective reader of my verse,

I only stop to mention them, in case he should infer

Something worse.

There are reasons gastronomic in a plate of pickled ham

Or in any smoking protein on your plate;

You'd have to rise above this till you didn't care at all

What you ate.

You may reason till the ultimate is captured and confined,

All conjugal ideals may fulfill, But reason never swayed the matrimonially inclined,

Never will.

If a suffragetic eyebrow has the real and Grecian curve

And the eye that lies below it is benign, If a suffragetic figure plays the mischief with your nerve

As with mine;

If on personal projection you undoubtedly are bent,

If in dreams the lovely creature you've embraced,

There's no reason why your arm should not undoubtedly be sent

Round her waist.

Miss Alice Nielsen, soprano of the Boston Opera, sings exclusively for the Columbia.

All the Music of all the World is at your command, in your own home, whenever you please or your friends suggest, if you own a

Columbia

Graphophone or Grafonola

(Usual Type, with horn) (Cabinet type—hornless)
(Prices \$17.50 to \$100) (Prices \$50 to \$225)

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are Double-Discs

flat, black disc records, with music on both sides, a different selection on each side, and both of unequalled quality. Hearing is believing—Columbia dealers everywhere provide the opportunity.

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Creators of the Talking Machine Industry. Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art. Owners of the Fundamental Patents. Largest Manufacturers of Talking Machines in the World. DEALERS WANTED: Exclusive selling rights granted where we are not actively represented.



EDUCATOR CRACKERS

This particular Educator is made for a special purpose; it contains the natural laxative properties of specially ground Educator wheat bran. An attractive biscuit.

Palatable—Infallible—Convenient.

Leading grocers sell them. Or write us direct for catalogue of the twenty varieties.

JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD CO.
236 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

155

Though conditions may not favor your incipient address
And the barometric sign is not "set fair,"

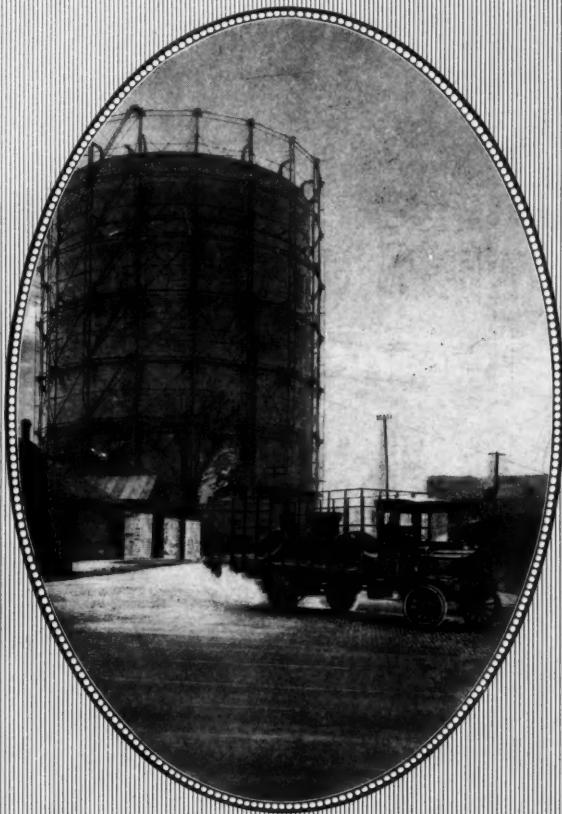
You'll not prejudice your standing by imploring for a tress
Of her hair

For suffragetic riots, even suffragetic bites,

Though sad, are quite inevitable when
The sex is mad and truculent and void
of women's rights

Which are men.
ALAN SULLIVAN.

Packard
MOTOR TRUCKS



Ask the man who owns one

Eighty-five Packard Trucks
have been purchased by thirty-
nine public service companies
in twenty-eight cities.

Three tons—twelve miles an hour

Packard Motor Car Company Detroit

LIFE



"OH, JOHN, HOW I WISH THERE WERE NO SUCH THINGS AS SERVANTS."
"WELL, MY DEAR, WE HAVE NO DIRECT EVIDENCE THAT THERE ARE."

Please Give a Building Site to the Academy of Design

THE gentlemen who conduct the destinies of the Academy of Design have \$800,000 to spend on a new building, and think they can get nearly as much more. They have kindly offered to spend the whole—a million and a half—on a beautiful building suitable for their exhibitions, to be put up in the western end of Bryant Park.

This is on some accounts a better offer than their last, which was to bestow their building in Central Park at East Sixty-fourth Street. But they must be joking. They never can, or should, get a yard of park land in New York for their building. Possibly they do not yet appreciate the strength of the sentiment in this town against any invasion of the

parks for building sites, nor realize how many citizens lie awake at night scheming to get the Post-Office out of that angle where Park Row meets Broadway.

Please, somebody give the Academy of Design an acre of nice land, on or near Fifth Avenue, between Fortieth Street and Sixty-first!

Contrast

JIT is easy enough to be pleasant When life flows along like a song, But the man worth while is the man who can smile,

When he finds that the cost of living is going up faster than his wages, and he goes to his Congressman and asks him if something can't be done about it, and the Congressman tells him it isn't an issue

Every Little Bit Helps

"**I**S there anyone present who wishes the prayers of the congregation for a relative or friend?" asks the minister.

"I do," says the angular lady who arises from the rear pew. "I want the congregation to pray for my husband."

"Why, sister Abigail!" replies the minister. "You have no husband as yet."

"Yes, but I want you all to pitch in an' pray for one for me!"

Household Hint

"**Y**OUR meringues," says the mistress, "are so delightfully frothy and light. How in the world do you get them that way?"

"It's the new butler, mum," explains the cook. "He used to be a barber, mum."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVII. JANUARY 19, 1911 No. 1473

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



TELL him I hope he may soon be emperor," was the message sent by a Discouraged Lady to an Eminent Person who has about as much idea of becoming Emperor as the Laird of Skibo has of being Pope. Not but that the Laird would make a corking Pope and the eminent person an efficient Emperor, but there is no point of the compass from which that sort of promotion seems to be on the way. When the discouraged lady was asked what ailed her, she said, in effect, that order and degree were being lost out of the world, that everyone was going to be alike and live and do alike and there would soon be no beauty left on earth. She had grown up putting her trust in authority, especially in that authority that centers in Rome. It seemed to her that authority was everywhere crumbling—in the church, in the State, in society, in the family—and was being succeeded by uproar, infidelity, bad taste and bad manners. So having in her no ingrained veneration for the Constitution, she longed in her feelings, even though doubtless not seriously in her mind, for a powerful regulating hand to pull the levers of affairs, insure to privilege a decorative existence, put turbulent folk to rights and keep people generally in the places where, it seemed to her, they belonged.

Poor lady! A classified and embellished earth is very attractive. Orderly people, living on from generation to generation in the same places, looking up to their betters, occupying with contentment a definite social plane with relations of mutual obligation to the occupants of the planes above and be-

• LIFE •

low—how enviable it all seems! The English country life of Trollope's novels thirty years ago (and now of some of Mrs. Burnet's stories and some of Kipling's) was enormously engaging to the minds of some Americans, worn with the changeableness of our civilization and the constant rupture of old ties and shifting of associations.



BUT all that's a mirage. There are not nearly enough English country places in the market to fit out even the more fortunate of our population, though there may be enough for use as sanitaria for such millionaires of us as have broken down young and lost their job. Our job of making life worth living will have to be done here, and done on the American plan and not on the one that makes the ideal England so poisonously attractive. And we shall have no Emperor to help with it, and apparently there is to be no very significant apotheosis of authority, but mere continuance and development on the democratic lines that we have traveled on so far, with such variations as naturally belong to that development. The current disposition is not, for example, to encourage the accumulation of very large fortunes, so that we may have some thoroughly experienced and qualified persons to take care of us and maintain our standards, but rather to restrain excessive accumulation and scramble for our own support and our own standards. We have had lots of authorities, skillful men like Mr. Aldrich to make our tariff and Mr. Cannon to select our new laws, bosses to manage our politics and choose our Senators and judges, astute gentlemen to acquire and exploit our public franchises, others, unostentatiously, to provide government for our cities. As a result, the tendency of the times is all away from entrusting our affairs blindly to persons who feel that they know what we ought to have and all towards trying ourselves to discover what we want and going for help to those persons who seem most likely to get it for us.

And that seems to be not only our way, but the present way of all civilized people. It is the direction in

which all Europe is tending. Custom seems to be losing much of its hold there, authority some of its prestige. The thoughtful observers all concur in saying that these are very stirring and remarkable times, and that there is more doing on the earth than the generations now alive have ever known before.

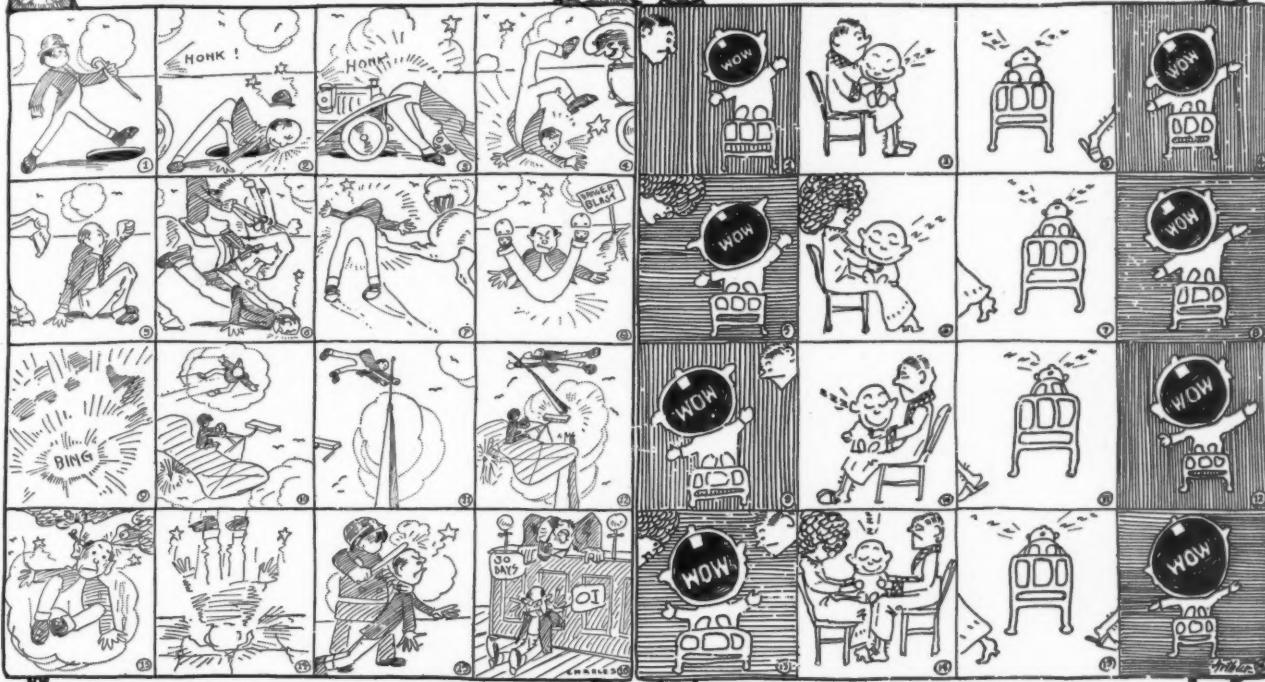


AS for the discouraged lady who wants an Emperor, let her take courage and hold on. An Emperor is no final cure for anything. That is either a makeshift until Democracy gets its second wind, or else the first stage of the collapse of civilization. We might have an Emperor and have, presently, an Augustan age, with all the architects and painters working overtime to embellish our part of the earth and provide a remote posterity with edifying ruins. We don't want that, even though it would be ever so pretty. What we want to develop and embellish is, first of all, man. Man does not develop to his full size in leading-strings. Getting them off of him is a turbulent and expensive process even when, as here, it is very gradually done. But we do well to be patient with all its inconveniences, for the work of which it is a detail, seems to be the great work for which human existence was contrived and has been so long protracted, in spite of recurring disappointments, on this earth. To make man a self-governing creature, able to feed himself, to keep a roof over his head and garments on his person when necessary, and to grow perpetually in knowledge and wisdom—that is the job, and to adjust authority to it so that there will be enough to guide and to protect and not enough to stifle or retard, is one of its perplexing details.

For our part, we are very hopeful about the processes now proceeding, and look for very considerable amenities—among other things—to result from them. It will take some time yet to gild American life with fascinations equal to those of Trollope's rural England, but they will come in time, quite different ones, but satisfying.

The Adventures Of Foosfut.

The Nearly Deads' Brat.



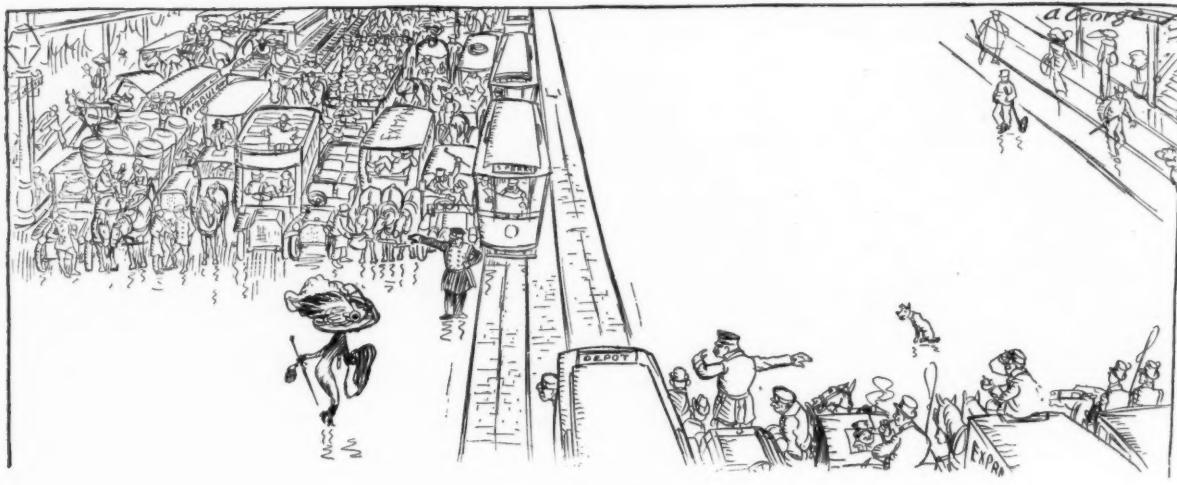
The Roughouser Kids

Smiling Foolagain.



DIRECTIONS FOR USING

CUT THE PICTURES APART AND SHUFFLE THOROUGHLY. EACH SUNDAY, WHEN YOU DESIRE A NEW SERIES, DEAL YOURSELF A NEW HAND



TIME WAS MADE FOR SLAVES

How to Stop Smoking in Street Cars

SMOKING on the platforms of street cars, and the carrying of lighted cigars into cars, are a nuisance in New York. All the street cars carry the "No Smoking" sign where the platform riders can read it, but there is no effort to enforce its terms. If our street railroad managers wish to stop the smoking nuisance in the cars there is a way. They have only to direct their conductors to stop their cars until the smoker stops smoking. That method has lately been tried with complete success in Kansas City, and is said also to have been completely successful in Cleveland. When the car stands still, waiting for the smoker to abate himself, the other passengers get interested at once and the smoker quits. Smokers who are violating a rule made for the public convenience cannot stand much concentrated attention.

Leaderships in Issue

CONTROVERSIAL interest is divided between the disparity that obtains between Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, Christian Scientist, of New York, and the directors of the Mother Church in Boston, and the lively fight proceeding in New Jersey between Has-Been-Senator Smith and Governor Woodrow Wilson.

Mrs. Stetson, formerly leader of the leading Christian Science Church in New York, was excommunicated by the managers of the Mother machine in Boston, but looms up since Mrs. Eddy's death, as one of the powerful figures in the Christian Science organization. She has issued a manifesto, in which she files a claim to perfect regularity, saying: "I stand for loyal allegiance to my forever leader, Mary Baker Eddy, strict adherence to her teachings as found in 'Science and Health' and her other writings, including the Mother Church Manual."

Has-Been-Senator Smith has also issued a manifesto, but not so able a one as Mrs. Stetson's. Instead of declaring, "I stand for loyal allegiance to my forever leader, Woodrow Wilson, and strict adherence to his teachings," he has intimated that error has invaded Dr. Wilson in several particulars. That was of course a mistake, but after all, Mrs. Stetson's course was simplified by Mrs. Eddy's permanent retirement from life and leadership, whereas Senator Smith had

to deal with a leader whose hands had just grasped the plough-handles. Even though he realized that Governor Wilson's leadership was the chief asset of the New Jersey Democracy, there were embarrassments about making it his own in the teeth of Dr. Wilson's disposition to hold on to it.

The Smith-Wilson issue will soon be settled, but the underside of the other one must be very interesting to those of the curious who know what forces are contending, and are able to read the signals and understand the phraseology of the combatants.

E. S. M.

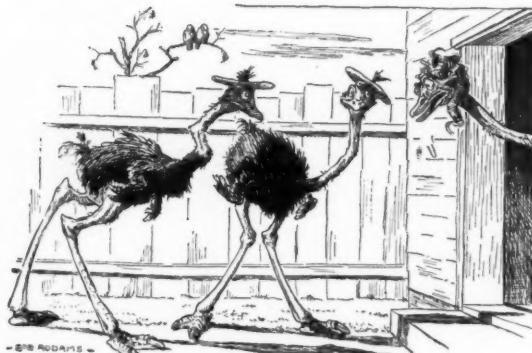
A Critical Period

AND it finally came to pass that the Women got the suffrage.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked an Innocent Bystander.

"Well," explained the Women, "nothing of importance can be done without disturbing business, and of course we don't want to do that."

And thus was another crisis in the history of the world successfully averted.



Mrs. O.: WILLIE, RUN TO THE CORNER AND GET A LARGE PACKAGE OF TACKS; WE HAVEN'T A BIT OF BREAKFAST FOOD IN THE HOUSE.

The Home of the Brave

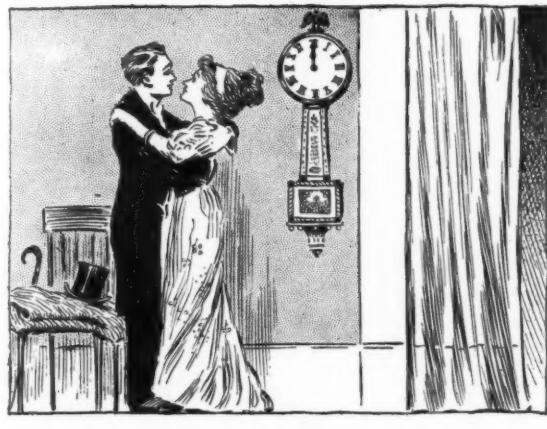
A FRIENDLY critic in Canada wants to know why the United States continues to insist on calling itself the home of the brave.

We are sorry we cannot inform him. We are reliably assured by historians that this was once the home of the bravest people imaginable, exclusive of Indians and others not taxed. Assuming that to be true, are we living up to our reputation?

On the other hand, should we live up to our reputation, or would it be foolish to live up to a reputation which one already has? It is a nice point. Many biologists and sportsmen claim that the only reputation we should live up to is the one we do not possess. The Hon. Jack Johnson is undoubtedly a brave man. He is our leading Doctor of Bravery. But now that he has the championship belt, is anything else necessary? If a man goes to college and receives a diploma proving that he is educated, doesn't that mean that he is always educated?

We prefer to think that a nation is not expected to be brave all the time. The United States has in times past proved its bravery beyond peradventure of doubt. Although the last formal test was over a century ago (we do not count the little tiff with decrepit Spain), we could easily "come back" if we wished.

This is the best answer we can make to our Canadian friend as to the facts of our bravery. If, however, he wants to know why we should keep boasting about it in song and story, like a common village bully, then we have nothing to say at all.



GOING!

Why There Are No Issues

TYROS in American politics often ask why we have such a paucity of issues. The answer is simple.

The object of a candidate is to get an office for the money and personal glorification there is in it and not as an opportunity to perform a social service. In order to get an office one must get votes. A vote saved is a vote earned. To take a decided position on a matter of importance is to lose the votes of those who disagree with that position. Pronounced opinions may be manly, but they are not good politics.

That is why a candidate—

Must discuss the liquor question in a way to satisfy both the saloon-keepers and the W. C. T. U.

Must regulate railroads for the benefit of the people without making them less profitable.

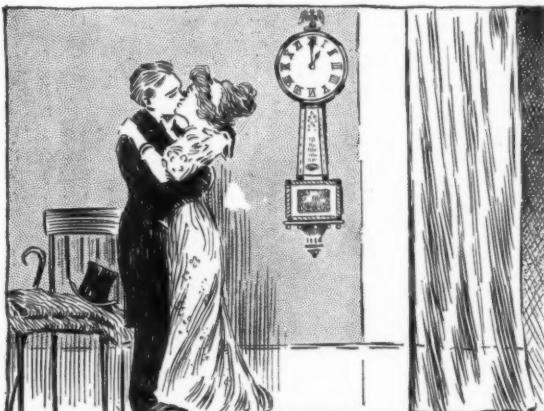
Must denounce the trusts in a way that the trusts approve.

Must raise the salaries of employees without increasing the expenses of employers.

Must lower the cost of living without reducing the prices of commodities.

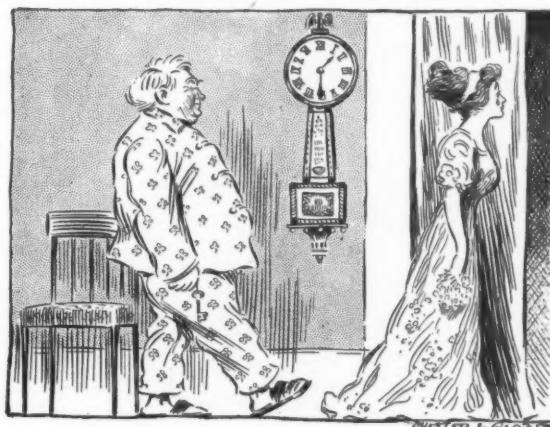
Must say a good word for God without antagonizing Mammon.

To the credit of the American politician it must be admitted that no age in history has produced his superior in this line of work.



GOING!

A VOTER is a man who shoots at things he does not understand with weapons that are not loaded.



GONE!

“Did the Motorfiends buy the new house they contemplated?”

“No. In fact, they traded their old home off for six fur coats.”

CHISTER & GARDNER

• LIFE •



*Hen: LIFE MUST BE A PICNIC WITH HER,
TO SCRATCH FOR ONLY one.*

Bad Scholars, and Why

THE private boarding schools for boys, St. Paul's, St. Mark's, Groton and the like, are accused of turning out bad scholars. The charge, which is not new, is based on the lists of the Harvard undergraduates who come to notice, either at graduation or before, as scholars of distinction. In December the names of 178 first and second group scholars were announced by the Harvard authorities. To this number the private schools, St. Paul's, St. Mark's, Groton, Middlesex, Milton, Pomfret and St. George's, which certainly must contribute at least one-tenth of the total number of Harvard undergraduates, contributed only seven persons. To meet reasonable expectations they should have shown twice or three times that number. The explanation is that the general run of boys from these schools who go to Harvard don't care for distinction in scholarship and don't go in for it, but put in their best energies on sports and social competitions. They think, and their friends, and as a rule their parents also, think, that in so doing they follow the course most profitable for them.

Six years ago President Eliot disclosed that the best Harvard scholars came from the public schools; that out of 172 men who got their A.B.'s with distinction in 1903, 84 came from the public schools, 44 from academies and 32 from private schools. As to these figures, it may doubtless be said that the public schools send only their best scholars to

college, whereas the academies and private schools send nearly all their boys there. If the high-school boys who go to Harvard are picked scholars and the private-school boys are not, that makes a difference. The instruction given in the private schools is, presumably at least, as good as that given in the high schools, and probably better. Probably the figures fail to tell the whole story; nevertheless, the private-school boys don't show up as well in scholarship as they should.

Why not? Aren't they able enough?

Yes, they include due proportion of boys with good abilities.

What ails them, then?

What ails them seems to be distraction of purpose. Most of them, when they get to college, try to do two things—appease the authorities by doing what work is necessary, and gratify themselves, their parents and friends, by vindicating or establishing (please do not laugh) their social position. Scholarship does not do their social position one spark of good, and the attention to studies which is necessary to attain distinction in scholarship can only be bestowed at some sacrifice of time and energy that might profitably be devoted to the acquisition of social eminence. The young gentlem'n try for the line of goods that is most in request in their world. The authorities try to persuade them that their estimate of values is mistaken and that they try for the wrong thing. But they try for what they discover to be most esteemed in their world, for what they value, for what all the girls they know value, for what their friends and parents value, and for what, as they see it, is scarcer and harder to get than scholarship, and more remunerative after they get it.

The boys from the private schools are more exposed to this distracted competition than the boys from the high schools, because they have more money and come out of a social layer where associations that look advantageous are prized and more attainable. Their job, besides learning something out of books or at lectures, is to keep in the social plane in which they start, or break into a better one.

That is a matter that requires much thought and some industry, and that is what is the matter with their scholarship.

MANY a man thinks he has become famous when he has merely happened to meet an editor who was hard up for material.

Half-Cents? No!

A HALF-CENT coin is proposed and may soon become the subject of a bill in Congress. When some fabric is 37½ cents a yard, and you buy a yard, you have to pay 38 cents because you can't make change. Persons who want the new coin tell how many million dollars it would save the American people every year.

Would it?

Or would the stuff that is 37½ cents a yard become 37¾ cents, and continue to leave a fraction?

Against the sums that half-cents would save by exactness in making change, weigh the sums that would be lost because a half-cent is twice as squanderable as a cent. A cent is the wasteful coin there is, because it is the one that thrift least regards. A half-cent would be twice as wasteful as a cent. If there must be provision for fractions of cents, cut the nickel in two and make a two-and-a-half-cent piece. Thrift would respect that. It would make the change for a yard of cloth at 37½ cents. It would presently be useful in certain payments for street-car transportation. Above all, it would provide a fraction of a cent without disturbing the present status of the newspapers.

Are not newspapers cheap enough at one cent? Is not the advertiser paying quite as large a share of the cost of making newspapers and exercising as large an influence in the newspapers made as it is expedient that he should?

Experience indicates that newspapers will be issued at the cost of the smallest coin in circulation. It is probable that there would be half-cent papers the morning after the half-cent coin began to circulate. Immediately also the hokey-pokey men would sell half-cent measures of hokey-pokey, the peanut men would sell so many peanuts for a half-cent, and a new crop of half-cent slot machines would immediately spring up. A considerable jolt to vested interests would result. Would it be a profitable jolt? Fortunes would doubtless be made by the earliest appreciators of the half-cent's possibilities, but out of whom would they be made? Out of wasters undoubtedly. For every half-cent saved by accuracy in making change ten would be thrown away on trash.

Cut the nickel in two, if that seems desirable, but don't coin half-cents. A penny saved is a penny gained, but two half-cents wasted is a cent lost.

WHAT one learns in the school of experience he soon forgets in the days of prosperity.



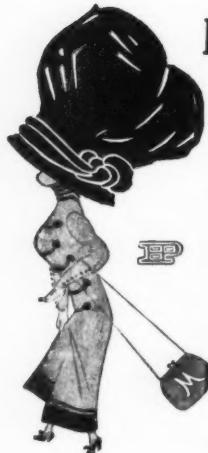
SHADES OF OUR FOREFATHERS

• LIFE •

Letters to a Daughter

From a Loving Mother

I



DEAREST GLADYS:

I am glad to hear that your finishing school was so satisfactory. Your father didn't think it was necessary, but of course he doesn't know. I would have come to the commencement exercises, but there was a bridge tournament on and I was almost sure of winning the prize. As it is, I was a close second.

Please convey my thanks and congratulations to the principal. Her name has escaped me. She has undoubtedly done well by you.

But, my dear Gladys, there are some things that only a mother can teach her daughter, and I hope, therefore, that you will read carefully every line I write. It is of vital importance to your education.

I trust that you have not contracted the habit of smoking cigarettes. I understand that it is indulged in secretly by some girls.

At your age it is very bad. It is likely to stunt your growth. No woman should begin under thirty. Of course, if you should marry before that, possibly there may be no harm in it. Under some circumstances it is almost a necessary solace. But it requires great discretion. You have—if my memory serves me—been on the Continent only four times. But when you become more familiar with it, and the life, you will then understand that smoking should never be permitted to get the upper hand of one.

I want to say a word to you about church. You must go—regularly. Please don't forget that. In the first place, the church associations are extremely valuable. The fact that you attend church gives you a sort of softening in the estimation of others very necessary to counteract the hardening process that, alas! all of us have to go through. You must never forget the extreme value of certain feminine traits and attendance at church is very helpful in this respect. Besides, you usually hear good music and this, my dear Gladys, you must never neglect. An appreciation of church music is a splendid foundation for a thorough understanding of the opera.

Do not, however, depend upon church-going for your knowledge of styles. There was a time when we women made a point of being well dressed in church, but the simple life idea spoiled all that. Now we wear our plainest things. Indeed, to my thinking, this is really admirable. It shows, in matters of taste, that we are improving.

My dear, you must go elsewhere for your style, and this brings me to the most important subject of all. For by everyone you will be judged almost exclusively by your clothes. My own reputation was made in that way, and I can assure you that it was well earned. I wish that I might be of help to you. If a mother's prayers could make you a perfectly gowned woman how easy it would then be! But I am afraid, my dear, that it must lie entirely with yourself.

In dressing, you may always be safely guided by the envy of other women. This is almost safer than the admiration

of men, who are so easily fooled by combinations of colors.

Of course, you must be guided to a great extent by your dressmakers and tailors. Never have less than two, and pit them against each other; unless—and this is important—you succeed in finding one who perfectly understands your figure. This occasionally happens. When it does, cling to her like death and thank God every night on your knees.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that you can buy becoming clothes with money only. You may be lazy in every other way, but if you wish to attain superiority in style you must throw yourself into the problem of dressing with all your passion. Study color. Study contrasts. Study textures. Above all, study yourself. Oftentimes a simple gown at two hundred dollars will be more really effective than one costing a thousand.

Yours, M.

II

MY DEAR GLADYS:

I alluded in my last letter to the attitude of men toward a woman's clothes. This leads me to a subject that surely no sincere mother should ever neglect. You must, of course, have many admirers. That is in the nature of things. What then, shall be your own attitude toward men? I do not hesitate to say that—next to dress—it is the most difficult problem you will have. How many mothers would advise their girls differently, but I have had a long and varied experience and I believe I know enough about this world to look at it in the broadest way.

It may astonish you, therefore, but I say to you frankly and emphatically, Do not hesitate to fall in love. Of course, this is not always easy; and I have noticed, of late, that our young girls are not so prone to it as they used to be. This is due, I think, to the fact that they do not realize the important part that sentiment—if rightly managed—plays in our affairs.

By all means, then, fall in love! Let yourself go! Weave a little romance about it all. Nothing is more salutary. It will have a good influence over you all the rest of your life—more softening than going to church. It may be absurd for me to say so, but it will even keep your figure young—you see I thoroughly believe in the mental part.

I remember distinctly—before I met your father—my little romance. It softened my life in later years and I am sure has made me more attractive. Of course, you will not marry the man. One never does.

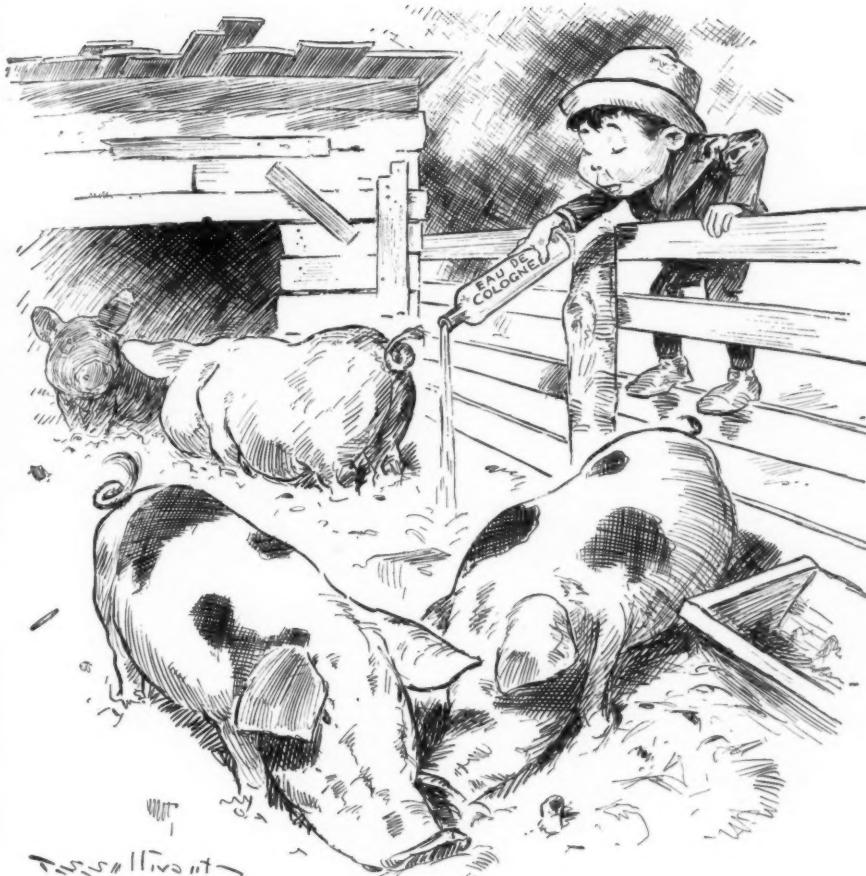
The other men—well, you must learn for yourself. They are really so easy to manage. They thrive on flattery—and abuse. The right proportions you will soon learn. But it doesn't matter much. Any combination of these two is sufficient for the purpose.

Your father tells me that you are going to Europe. If you have time run over and see me there. I shall be in Paris probably in six weeks—unless we decide on another bridge tournament.

Au revoir, my dear Gladys, for the present. My prayers are with you.

M.

(To be continued)



A MISGUIDED REFORMER

Who?

"WHAT a beautiful house!"
"Yes, it is a most elegant man-

sion."

"Who is building it?"

"It is being built by Mr. J. Montgomery Scadds."

"I should like to meet him, for I want to get some one to build a house for me."

"Oh, but Mr. Scadds does not build houses for other people."

"How selfish! A man who can build so well ought to be anxious to cover the whole face of the earth with his handiwork. But who are those unkempt-looking people coming out of the house?"

"Those are workingmen."

"Do you mean to say that Mr. Scadds has given over such a beautiful mansion to the occupancy of mere workingmen?"

"Certainly not. They are working on

the house, putting the finishing touches."

"But I understood you to say that Mr. Scadds was doing the work."

"Not at all. Mr. Scadds does no work. Mr. Scadds is a gentleman."

"I beg your pardon, but I am quite sure you said Mr. Scadds was building the house."

"I did, but that doesn't mean that he is doing the work."

"Then what has he to do with the matter?"

"He merely approves the original plans and furnishes the money. Mr. Scadds himself is in Europe. His agents here attend to the details."

"Then who is really building the house?"

"It doesn't matter who is really building it."

"How strange."

"It doesn't matter who does the work. The only thing that matters is who gets the benefit of the work."

Query

IF you were a young man of pronounced literary talent and it were possible for you to achieve success in two ways which we specify below—

And if, at the same time, you found yourself at the beginning of this struggle with a family on your hands, say, of a wife and three or four children, which would you do?

First: Would you write dime-novels—not dime-novels which would deliberately corrupt youth, but dime-novels with the necessary concomitants of adventure and excitement—and by doing this make for yourself an income of four or five thousand dollars a year, thereby keeping your family in comfort and educating your children for their work in life?

OR

Second: Would you make a deliberate sacrifice of your family, compelling them to live in poverty, with scant education, and would you adopt a literary career which would give you a genuine reputation as a literary artist among the few high-class literary critics of the land, by writing books that would not sell enough to make it pay as a business?

Acrostic

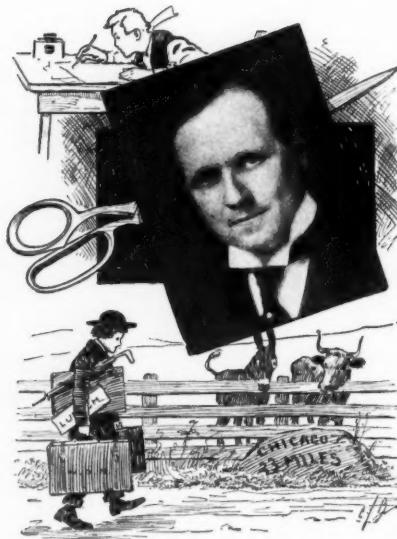
Beauties betting boldly.
Roués revelling rakishly.
Indigents indulging incessantly.
Dogmatic dowagers domineering
Girls greedily gambling.
Everyone eagerly enlisting.



AROUND THE OLD BELT LINE

• LIFE •

Life's Family Album



Wilbur D. Nesbit

You must understand that Mr. Nesbit writes a great many things for LIFE which do not appear with his name. You know him better, no doubt, by his humorous poetry, which is quoted from one end of the country to the other. But many of the dia-

logues which add zest to this bright paper are the product of Mr. Nesbit's intellect. This is only by way of introduction. We had to go all the way to Chicago to secure the following interview. We say this to show how much we really care for Mr. Nesbit. We found him standing on the steps of the Chicago Tribune.

"In spite of the bald spot on the top of your head you appear to be a young man," we ventured, in order to make him feel at ease.

"I was born in Xenia, Ohio, in 1871. A brass plate on my birthplace bears the legend 'Main Street,'" he replied.

We have always wanted to meet a man from Xenia, Ohio. We never expected to have that honor and renown. And to think that he should turn out to be one of the most valuable contributors of LIFE!

"What did you attend in your youth?" we pressed.

"Public schools, lime kilns, a saw mill and the composing room of the Cedarville Herald. All of these affairs are, by the way, running to-day, and I am welcome to come back at—"

"When did you leave?" we con-



"WELL, PIGGY, THIS IS WHAT YOU GIT PER BEIN' A HOG AN' HAVIN' NO INTELLIGENCE."

tinued sternly, for our time in Chicago was growing short.

"Early in the '90s I went to Indiana. One day, in a moment of inspiration, I wrote a jingle as an advertisement for a clothing store in Indianapolis. The rest is history. It includes a humorous column in the *Baltimore-American* and a removal to Chicago, where I am president of the Forty Club, a member of the Chicago Athletic Association, Press Club and of the staff of the Superintendent of Police of Chicago."

Language

L ANGUAGE, when we analyze it,
Is no more nor less than noise;
Howso deftly we devise it

To express our woes or joys.
When some of us come together,
We, instead of keeping still,
Make a noise about the weather
Or the grocer's latest bill.

Gentlemen who wisely lecture,
Judges who explain the laws,
Sages who each day conjecture
Over the Effect and Cause,
Ministers each Sunday preaching,
Parents training girls and boys,
Grave professors staidly teaching—
All are merely making noise.

Aye, and lovers softly breathing
Words that tell affection's flame,
Tell of ardor madly seething
As each sighs the other's name—
Yea, "True as the stars above you!"
All that lovers' art employs,
Even that intense "I love you!"—
All of this is simply noise.

Agitation of the larynx,
Some vibrating vocal chords,
A transmission through the pharynx,
Gives us what we say are words;
Speeches, answers, salutations,
Good advice to others dinned,
Monologues and conversations—
All of these are simply wind.

Language—growth of grunts and growlings,
Hisses, barks and whines and roars,
Culminates in platform howlings
And the parlor chat of bores.
Quickly spoken, soon forgotten,
Silence all our speech destroys—
Soaks it like absorbent cotton—
Language, after all, is noise.

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

Privacy for This Person

WE respectfully deprecate another orgy of publicity for Dr. Cook. His natural destiny is to open a barroom or a cigar-store and get what profit there is in being a notorious person. No sound reason offers why newspapers or magazines should give space to his concerns. He not only disgraced himself but his country also, and cheated its citizens, Commander Peary most of all. Any publication which offers his new fabrications to the attention of its readers, takes a liberty with them which they may very well resent as an affront to self-respect.

Readers have rights, and one of them is the right to a healthy disgust. It is a right that should be more respected than it is. When a prize-fighter's fifth wife gets her divorce, and a prominent actor's fourth or fifth wife sues for hers (all previous wives in both cases having done the same), it makes a bit of news that ought not to be dignified with front-page headlines. After a man has been divorced two or three times his domestic history ceases to be of any consequence, and it is an impertinence to press it on public attention. So as to Dr. Cook. It is an impertinence to offer any more of his tales to the public. Let him buy a cigar-store—say at Coney Island—and set up as Munchausen, the only tobacconist to whom the Board of Aldermen have ever granted the freedom of the city.

Passing of the Wife

WE have known for some time that the Wife would have to go. We have held off as long as possible the inevitable moment, but it might just as well be over with at once.

The Wife was a very desirable article while she lasted. She mended the hose and did the housework when necessary and sat up patiently and waited for hubby's return. A useful person certainly—one to love, to honor and obey.

Now the suffragette age is upon us and the Wife is rapidly becoming extinct.

In a few more years she will be exhibited in museums. Adieu, madam! We respect your memory!

Eighty-First Not Thirty-First

THE Boston *Transcript* learns that Senator Root is going to live in a stunning new apartment house "now being erected on the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-



"MAMMA, IS THAT THE MAN WHAT MAKES THE WORLD GO 'ROUND?"

first Street," New York, and rejoices that "the building of this very expensive building is an indication of the turn of the tide in the extension of residences to the north." It thinks it would add to the convenience of living in New York if the tide should turn.

Yes, it would. Meanwhile, our good friend ought to come over here and spend half a day and see the town and reobserve the corners of Thirty-first Street and Fifth Avenue, and find a place for the tide to turn to when it turns. Just now, if you take your eye off of New York a half a minute, when you look again it isn't there, but there's a new city in its place.

Books and Their Makers

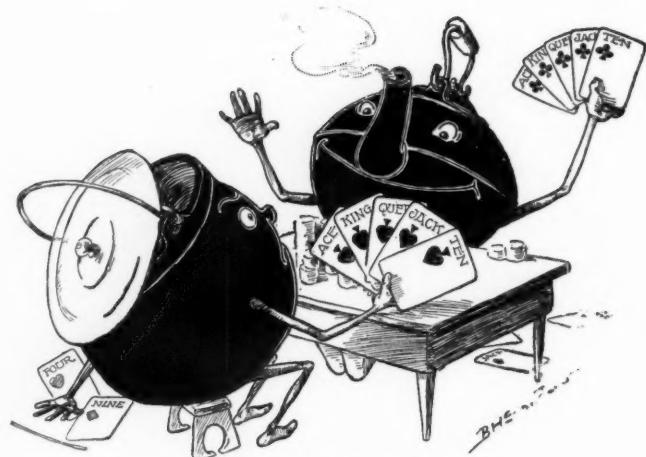


"THE SPOILERS" BY RICHARD BALLINGER.



"THE FOREST LOVERS" BY GIFFORD PINCHOT.

• LIFE •



THE POT CALLS THE KETTLE



Another Becky Sharp and Some Others



IT would have been rather a waste of effort for Miss Marie Tempest to make any very subtle study of the character of *Becky Sharp* and try to get the results effectively across the footlights into the vastness of the New Theatre's auditorium. Leaving aside discussion of her ability to do this in any theatre, her *Becky* is picturesque, which is more valuable to the series of tableaux unfolded to the eyes of the New Theatre audiences than would have been a more studied impersonation and less personal attractiveness. It also suffices to the present stage version of Thackeray's novel better than it would to the more dramatic one used by Mrs. Fiske. Here the story stops with Rawdon Crawley's discovery of the rendezvous with *Steyne* and Miss Tempest is not called upon, as Mrs. Fiske was, to harrow her hearers with a depiction of the great truth that the wages of sin is poverty in German lodgings. This *Becky* is rather a comedy character, her attractiveness being emphasized and her sordidness and genius for intrigue being indicated with a few broad strokes. The result is that Miss Tempest's *Becky* may be recorded as an agreeable, not an impressive, accomplishment.

In the present version the characters are rather hazily drawn by the authors, Messrs. Robert Hichens and Cosmo Gordon-Lennox. This is especially true of the *Rawdon Crawley*, whose misfortunes here appeal neither to the sense of pity nor the sense of justice. Nor does Mr. Graham Brown's commonplace impersonation lend any flavor of recklessness to the part. Neither in the authors' conception nor in Mr.

Bruning's embodiment is *The Marquis of Steyne* the magnificent old Lothario he should be. He lacks the elegance which made that nobleman dangerous. As usual, the New Theatre company reverses the usual rule and is strongest in the minor rôles.

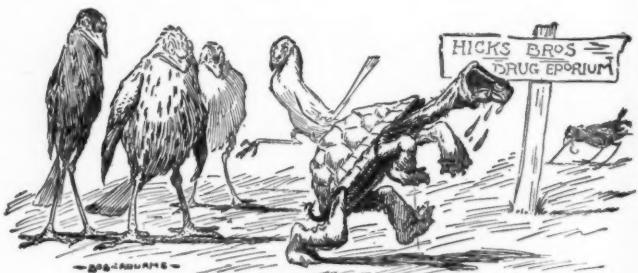
On this last account the ensemble performance is successful. Coupled with the charming stage-settings and the interesting costuming "Vanity Fair" is one of the most generally agreeable of the performances given at the New Theatre.

OVER NIGHT," at the Hackett, is laughable in spots, but in others it is either puerile in its efforts to be a funny farce or objectionable in the broadness of its lines and situations. Gentlemen who have dined well and are looking for merriment, without being especially particular as to what causes it, may find the piece sufficiently diverting to suit their purposes. It is not recommended as uplifting mental recreation for young ladies' schools and seminaries.

THE new musical show at the Casino takes one back a few years to the days when Mr. George Edwardes used to make regular shipments of his wares from London to New York. Although Mr. McClellan, who wrote the book, is an American, he has absorbed enough of the British atmosphere completely to envelope this latest of his librettos in it. The plot is of the usual vagueness and inconsequentiality and rests on the remarkable occurrence of a British matron having been able to secure two divorces—certainly a miraculous occurrence when one recalls the difficulties surrounding even one British divorce. The music, by Mr. Ivan Caryll, is also reminiscent of the same epoch, and is like it to the extent of including several capital songs. The burden of these falls principally upon Emmy Wehlen, who is pretty and sings prettily with a German accent, accounted for by the fact that before she found a place in London musical comedy she had served an apprenticeship in Vienna. Mr. Harry Conor is the comedian, and manages to put some fun into the not specially funny part of one of the husbands, who has turned showman.

As musical shows go, "Marriage à la Carte" is somewhat above the average in general results.

AS stage curiosities, things like the morality, "Mankind," and "The Second Shepherd's Play," produced at the Berkeley Theatre, are interesting to the student but not in the least attractive to the theatregoer. They show whence our



"WHAT DID YOU HIT HIM FOR, FATTY?"

"'CAUSE, HE SAID HE WAS EIGHTY YEARS OLD, AND HE AIN'T OUT OF HIS SHELL YET."

LIFE.

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present drama sprung, but even with the many faults of the modern stage frail humanity can hardly be blamed for preferring it to these rather doleful mixtures of religion and primitive efforts at theatrical effect. Perhaps they are responsible for the now exploded managerial canon that religion on the stage wouldn't go.

THE SLIM PRINCESS" has considerable pretty music of the English musical-comedy school, judging by the name of the composer, Mr. Leslie Stuart, and the accompaniments as rendered by the orchestra. As there is no one in the company who sings, these must be the vouchers for the fact. But we are getting used to musical shows without voices. Mr. Henry Blossom, the author, gives us a plot which can really be discovered without the aid of a chemical analysis, some clever lyrics nicely elocuted with musical accompaniment and quite a number of lines which stir the risibles.

Elsie Janis, who has her name on the programme in the largest type, is vivacious, has energy and facial expression, and as a specialty does some remarkably faithful imitations of well-known artists. Mr. Joseph Cawthorne, whose name is in the next sized type, is really a comedian and reaches his results without vulgarity and without undue force. In fact, the whole performance is agreeable from its freedom from the uncouthness which marks so many of the entertainments set forth to lure the patronage of that large section of the public which finds its chief joy in musical shows.

It may be said safely that "The Slim Princess" is very far from being dreary and that its chorus persons have evidently been chosen by descendants of the gentleman who awarded the golden apple to Venus in preference to Juno and Minerva.

ECIDEDLY wow! And again wow! If you are suffering from any slackening of the pulse go to the Lyric and see "The Deep Purple." It's a melodramatic thriller with action swift enough to play the long roll on a snare drum.

It is generally believed that it's impossible to throw a

pie-knife on certain sections of Sixth Avenue without stabbing a thief. Same thing in this play of Messrs. Armstrong and Mizner. There are just enough virtuous characters to supply inspiration for the crookedness of the crooks. It mustn't be taken from this description that the play is a joke. On the contrary, although it deals with the nether world, it is ingeniously and logically put together and gives the attention no opportunity to go wandering.

And it is mighty well acted. It was tried on Chicago for several weeks and the company is absolutely smooth in its work. Ada Dwyer has the rôle of an ex-thief who has turned honest, but not unpleasantly so. It is so well drawn a character and the artist impersonates it so admirably that it might be taken from real life. The veteran W. J. Ferguson is admirably fitted with a character rôle and Mr. Jameson Lee Finney does the best work of his career as a worker of the "badger game." With the exception of the juvenile women it would be difficult to suggest an improvement in the cast, excellent work being done also by Messrs. Emmett Corrigan, William A. Norton, Richard Bennett and Rosamond O'Kane.

"The Deep Purple" may not be a classic, but it has power and virility enough to ward off an attack of the sleeping sickness.



One bit of dialogue in "The Deep Purple" failed to stir the first New York audience very deeply and the actors on the stage seemed startled.

The hero is talking to a police inspector.

"Being a detective," he says, "I don't suppose you believe there's any such thing as an honest man?"

"Not in New York."

The repartee had evidently been popular in Chicago.

Metcalfe.



Astor—Judith Zaraine, with Miss Lena Ashwell. Notice later.

Belasco—"The Concert." Well acted and well staged clever satirical comedy ridiculing the adoration of women for professional musicians.

Bijou—Mr. Henry Miller in "The Havoc." Notice later.

Broadway—"The Silent Call." Notice later.

Casino—"Marriage à la Carte." See above.

Comedy—Mr. William Collier in "I'll Be

pie-knife on certain sections of Sixth Avenue without stabbing a thief. Same thing in this play of Messrs. Armstrong and Mizner. There are just enough virtuous characters to supply inspiration for the crookedness of the crooks. It mustn't be taken from this description that the play is a joke. On the contrary, although it deals with the nether world, it is ingeniously and logically put together and gives the attention no opportunity to go wandering.

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Metcalfe.



GOING INTO A DECLINE

Hanged If I Do." Light comedy giving full opportunities for Mr. William Collier's fun-making.

Criterion—Mr. William Gillette in revival of his former successes.

Daly's—"Baby Mine." Still funny, in spite of its long run.

Empire—Revival of "Trelawny of the Wells." Fine old comedy reasonably well acted.

Gaiety—"Get Rich Quick Wallingford." A slangy but funny depiction of the vicissitudes of the confidence man.

Garrick—"The Scarecrow," with Mr. Edmund Breese. Notice later.

Globe—"The Slim Princess," with score by Leslie Stuart and book by Henry Blossom, based on story by George Ade. See above.

Hackett—"Over Night." See above.

Herald Square—Grace Van Studdiford in "The Paradise of Mahomet." Notice later.

Hippodrome—Ballet, circus and elaborate spectacle.

Hudson—"Nobody's Widow." Blanche Bates and good company in pleasing and well-acted American comedy.

Lyceum—Miss Billie Burke in "Suzanne." Piffing play with the star's pleasing personality as the main attraction.

Lyric—"The Deep Purple." See above.

Majestic—"The Blue Bird." Well staged spectacular production of Maeterlinck's allegory of child life.

Maxine Elliott's—"The Gamblers." Powerful drama of business life well acted and staged.

Nazimova—"We Can't Be As Bad As All That." Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's admirably presented and cleverly written depiction of the rotten side of English society life.

New—"Vanity Fair," with Miss Marie Tempest as Becky Sharp. See above.

Republic—"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Refreshing little play of child life in New England, with excellent impersonation of the heroine by Edith Talliaferro.

Wallack's—"Pomander Walk," by Mr. Louis N. Parker. Perfectly charming bit of English romance well acted by a good English company.

Weber's—"Alma, Where Do You Live?" Catchy songs as the excuse for a not clever imported farce.



The Road to Wealth

LIFE.



The Road to Wealth



IS THERE TOO MUCH PROFESSIONAL COACHING?

A Little Pointer on Meat

IT is confidentially disclosed in the headlines of the *World* and other papers that the profits of the big packing houses are remarkably fat.

It is asserted, too, from time to time, that American beef is sold cheaper in England than here.

It is a well-known fact also that England gets various meats from Australia, South Africa and South America and other convenient places, which sell at prices about one-half what buyers pay here.

We treat ourselves to a duty of a cent and a half a pound on meat, but it is not that that keeps out of our ports the cheap meats that go to England. It seems that it is not duties but restrictive regulations on importations artfully contrived (like everything in the tariff) for the protection of our packer friends, that keeps those cheap meats out of our markets.

Dear, dear, if the price of living stays up long enough we shall have a lot of things. Is there no New York congress-

man whose constituents would like to have him look into this matter of cheap meat?

Increasing Labors of Congressmen

IN 1790 a Congressman represented 30,000 persons. When the reapportionment compelled by this year's census has been effected, each Congressman will represent 220,000 persons.

That is seven times as many as at first, and it is considerably more work to represent them, but, happily, salaries have been raised several times since 1790.

A Big One

"THAT new steamer they're building is a whopper," says the man with the shoe-button nose.

"Yes," agrees the man with the recalcitrant hair, "but my uncle is going to build one so long that when a passenger gets seasick in one end of it he can go to the other end and be clear away from the storm."

FANATICS starve to death while bigots die of gout. Otherwise they are much alike.

Philological

M AUD: The girls are daffy about our youngest bishop.

BEATRIX: Is it his mitre or his motor?



"WHAT'S YER IDEE IN STOPPIN' YER

WATCH AN' KEEPIN' THE HANDS AT SIX?"

"THIN OI KNOW IT'S ALWAYS CORRECT

AT ME TIME TO GET UP IN THE MORNIN'."

As to Fortifying the Canal

If the present Senior Senator from Massachusetts should be dislodged, what a grand thing it would be for sport to have Mr. Moorfield Storey for his successor!

Mr. Storey ought to be a Senator. So should Mr. Charles Francis Adams. So should Mr. Brandeis, Massachusetts, for that matter, ought to have more seats in the Senate. So good a line of qualified critics she has ready to file in and take them.

Mr. Storey says we ought not to fortify the Panama Canal. He considers that there is no need of it, and that, further, "we ought no longer to live in the expectation of conflict with other countries." It is our part, he considers, to take the lead in disarmament, because no other nation is so well situated to do it.

Admirals Dewey and Evans are of Mr. Storey's opinion about not fortifying the Canal, but they say, Make the Navy defend it! Which means, presumably, that they would rather spend the money in ships than in land defenses. Mr. Storey's idea is that if we fortify the

Canal we shall lose the chance to make it "the greatest instrument of permanent peace that we possess in any quarter of the world."

There seems to be two sides to this question. One would like a recommendation from The Hague about it. Failing that, perhaps Mr. Root will make a speech about it in the Senate.

Ups and Downs of the Puritan

THERE was an old monitor, the Puritan, which wasn't much good, and the navy gentlemen allowed that she would make a suitable *corpus vile* for experiments with explosive gelatine. So the experiments went forward, and the Puritan went to the bottom of Chesapeake Bay.

And then the navy gentlemen allowed that the sunken Puritan would make a good *corpus vile* for an experiment in raising sunken monitors, so a wrecking company has contracted to bring her up and fetch her, afloat, to the Norfolk navy yard for \$23,000.

Next may follow an experiment in repairs to a monitor damaged by explosive gelatine, and the experts guess



AIR CASTLES

that that might cost from \$145,000 to \$250,000.

No doubt it's all right, but aren't those navy gentlemen zealous!

Degenerate Joys

The exact method by which Dr. Carrel keeps the heart and body of a dog alive and separated from each other will be made public some day. Although the work is still in its infancy, Dr. Carrel has advanced marvelously.—*Evening Telegraph*.

STILL in its infancy" is good—as applying to the brain of Dr. Carrel. Dr. Carrel's experiments are of the same value to humanity as transplanting the ears of an orphan onto the tail of a dog. We say "orphan," because orphans and dogs being both sensitive and helpless, are appreciated by experimenters.

The Referendum

"LET the people speak," reformers said, "The only antidote For the poison of corruption is the people's aye or nay." But the bosses mixed the issues, ere the people came to vote, Till you couldn't tell to save you what the people meant to say.



"NOW THIS IS WHAT I CALL KIND AN' CONSID'RATE. THEM PAVEMENTS CERTAINLY IS HARD ON THE FEET."



If one had been asked, a year or so ago, to put into a few words one's synthetized impression of the literary personality of Mr. James Lane Allen and of the dynamic worth of his work, one would probably have replied that he was a constitutional believer in the beneficent significance of life and in man's potential mastery over his fate who, under the evident impression that he was an analyst and a realist, expressed his own wholesome idealism in essentially symbolic fiction. But since "a year or so ago" something cataclysmic (something, let us say, in the nature of temperamental ptomaine poisoning) seems to have happened to the actual Mr. Allen, so that this impressionistic definition of Mr. Allen the artist is no longer valid. The author of *The Bride of the Mistletoe* writes more than ever under the impression that he is an analyst and a realist. He is still an unconsciously self-revealing writer of essentially symbolic fiction; since he still unmistakably presents particular characters in particular situations, not as interesting specimens of human development, but as types mystically significant of humanity. But from being an instinctive and lyrically articulate worshipper of the beneficent possibilities of life and of man's claim on the future he appears to have become a convinced maintainer of the hopelessness of life and the helplessness of man. Now every possible human mood is a legitimate theme for fiction, the mood of hopelessness as well as the mood of hope. But an argument, whether it proceed by syllogism or by symbolism, must be based on acceptable premises and must make good its appeal either to the reason or to the emotions. Allen Upward somewhere says of precarious holders of religious faith that their creed might be written: "I believe that God made the earth and made it flat; if I now learn that it is not flat I shall cease to believe that it was made by God." And in *The Bride of the Mistletoe*, and now in its companion story, *The Doctor's Christmas Eve* (Macmillan, \$1.50), Mr. Allen seems to be advancing a not dissimilar argument, based upon some of the partial investigations of post-Darwinian science into the complexities of sex and

of psychology, against the validity of the faith that once was in him. This department holds no brief for a dogmatic optimism. But it respectfully maintains that our responsiveness to the valid implications of gloom is too precious to be wasted.

THERE are so many amateurs intelligently interested in the investigations and speculations of modern psychology that it is possible that here and there may be one of them who has managed to get all the conflicting conceptions of the obstreperous young science into his head at the same time. But most of us have been like men with arms already full of bundles who, in picking up the last new theory, dropped several old ones and, in scrambling to recover those, lost others in their stead. The theories of the "subconscious," especially, have rivalled the Fox, Goose and Corn of the puzzle in the difficulty of getting them all safely across the river onto the right side of consciousness at the same time; and it is therefore with a certain malicious glee that I call the attention of my fellow strugglers with this problem to a little book called *Subconscious Phenomena* (Badger), in

which (by some such incredible carelessness as that by which one loses a game of tit-tat-toe) the whole lot have allowed themselves to get imprisoned at once and can be subjected to the tests of the third degree and the deadly parallel. The volume contains the five papers contributed to a symposium by Hugo Munsterberg, Theodore Ribot, Joseph Jastrow, Pierre Janet and Morton Prince, and a sixth paper in the nature of a judge's summing up and charge to the jury by Bernard Hart. No efforts of mine can give any idea of the esoteric concentratedness of the language used by the five eminent psychologists, each endeavoring to compress into a dozen pages his entire conception of the subconscious. But perseverance, and a realization of the fact that, like Humpty-Dumpty, they each hire their words by the week and expect them to mean what they tell them to, will disintangle their arguments. And Mr. Hart's summing up is one of the most lucid expositions of a muddled subject that any reader could ask to find.

OPEN WATER, the salt title of James B. Connolly's latest collection of short stories (Scribners, \$1.20), must be regarded more as a trade mark reminiscent of the author's Gloucester tales and other sea-faring fiction than as closely descriptive of the contents of the present volume. A writer of sea stories, like a sea-going battle ship, has his radius of efficiency limited by his

CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

Alongshore, by Stephen A. Reynolds. Word sketches and impressions of beach and sea, beachcombers and fishermen along the English coast.

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Clayhanger, by Arnold Bennett. An engrossing history which follows the development, from youth to marriage, of the outwardly submissive, but inwardly rebellious son of a tyrannical father.

The Creators, by May Sinclair. An entertaining study of a coterie of writer-people in London, who take themselves to be geniuses.

The Doctor's Christmas Eve, by James Lane Allen. See above.

The Greatest Wish in the World, by E. Temple Thurston. The story of a girl fondling and an Irish priest. A happy-hearted romance.

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Bussey. A panoramic collocation of statistics, observation and anecdote.

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Now, by Charles Marriott. A slow moving, but amusing, story of a pseudo-progressive English family's entanglement with social revolution.

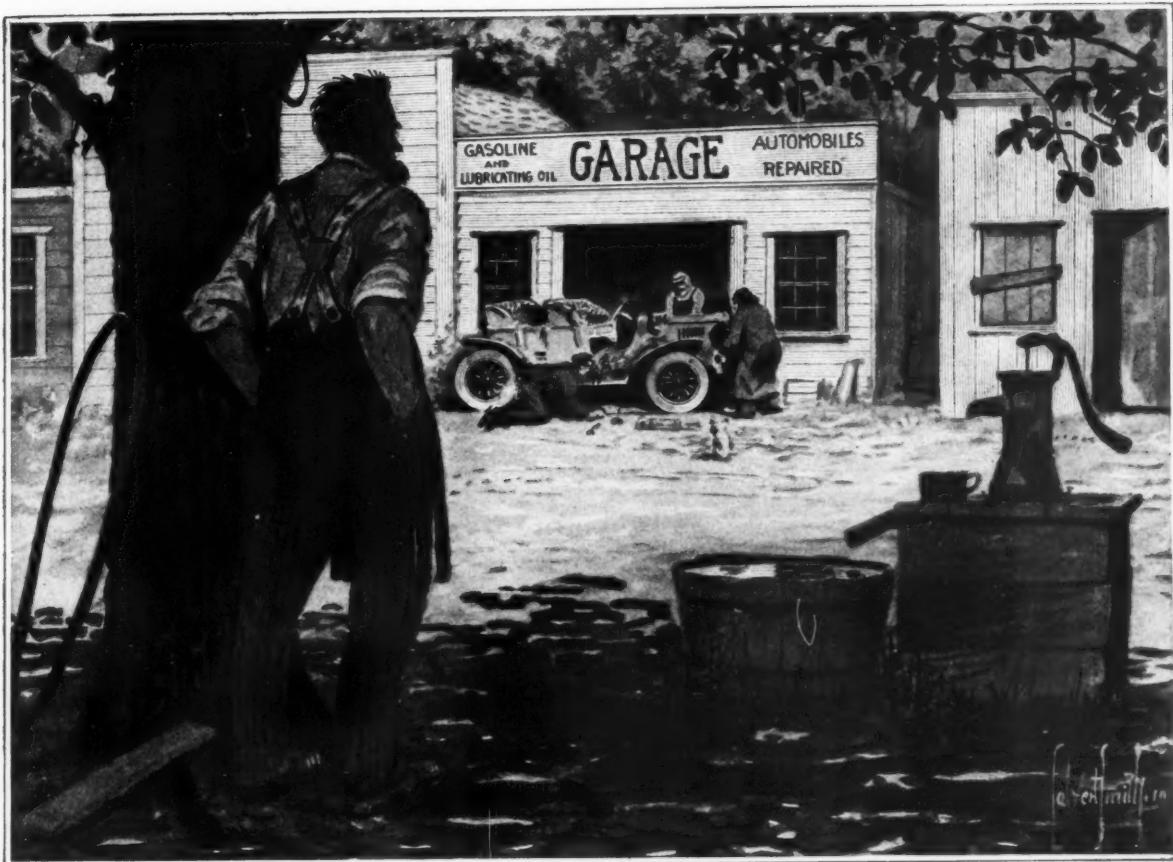
Open Water, by James B. Connolly. See above.

The New Laocoon, by Irving Babbitt. A sweeping and well defended indictment, analysis and condemnation of the confusions and perversions among the arts in the modern world.

Paw's Mountain, by Amelie Rives. A neoclassic romance on Lake Maggiore, delicately deployed and dissolved in characteristically morbid tragedy.

The Rules of the Game, by Stewart Edward White. The best interpretation yet given of the birth of a sense of service in national conservation, clothed in an acceptable fiction.

Subconscious Phenomena. A symposium. See above.



"Under the spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands."

bunker room and sooner or later must come ashore for coal; and Mr. Connolly has here landed in various ports and taken on fuel of varying grades. His original supply was his keen esthetic and emotional response to the sea, and his ability to make written words convey to us something of the exhilaration of struggle and achievement in men's bare-handed grips with the elements. His new supply is a somewhat free and easy sense of drama exploited in character work that is roughly efficient, but by no means finished or discriminative.

J. B. KERFOOT.

Why Federal Judges Are Underpaid

A CONGRESSMAN named Macon, from Arkansas, slowed up business in the House one day late in the December session by making a point of order against every increase of salary, no matter how small, provided for in the legislative, executive and judicial (appropriation) bill.

Think of being a judge or other government official and living in New York, say, or Chicago, and having your salary adjusted to your needs by a man who lives in Arkansas!

That happens a great deal. The standard and the cost of living vary greatly in different States, and salaries look big or small to Congressmen according to the standard they are used to at home.



EVEN THESE

"HAVEN'T YOU ANY WEARING APPAREL TO DECLARE?"

Priscilla Makes an Important Announcement



OH, girls, I've got such a secret! A very rich woman—and her name is the secret—is going to endow a Suffragette College. She inherited her fortune from her husband, who was one of the tyrant sex, and the money is therefore somewhat tainted, but that doesn't make any difference. Now it is going to be devoted to a good cause—our Cause.

The Suffragette College will teach plain and fancy Suffragetting in all its branches. Beginning with the Suffragette kindergarten, where little girls just beginning to talk will be taught to scream "Votes for Women!" in unison, and where the building blocks will have pictures of men beating their wives, men refusing their wives money to buy hobble skirts and false hair, men driving women away from the polls and other instructive object lessons, the courses will go on through all the intermediate stages up to the highest grades. Young women will be taught how to make speeches on street corners without blushing at the remarks of their rude male hearers. They will have lessons in practical billposting and some of our dearest leaders will deliver lectures on the best ways to secure notoriety and get their names into the newspapers. The newspaper editors are foolish males and this last-named course will probably be considered a "soft" elective.

The degrees to be conferred by the Suffragette College will be S.S. and M.S. The first means Suffragette Spinster and the other Mistress of Suffragetting. Later on the college will award to distinguished Suffragettes the honorary degree of D. SS., meaning Damnata Suffragettæ, or, in English, Distinguished Suffragettes. Isn't it lovely!



MISS ALICE STONE BLACKWELL, one of our dear Boston sisters, whose genius for getting her name into the newspapers almost equals that of Mrs. Belmont, writes a letter to a New York daily over her own signature, charging the London newspapers with having entered into a conspiracy to keep our dear English sisters from advertising themselves in the news columns of the London dailies. She says that the London editors not only refuse to print the nice long letters our English sisters write, but that they either do not mention at all or devote very little space to the meetings and other doings of Suffragettes.

Our Boston sister calls this an outrageous conspiracy and she is quite right. But what better can we expect so long as only men, and for the most part stupid men, are permitted to say what shall and what shall not be printed in the newspapers.

THE New York *Sun*, which is no friend of Suffragettes, or of any other persons who are trying to get their names into print, says:

J. W. Barbee, a lawyer of Greeley, Col., said yesterday at the Belmont that when he left Denver Sunday night everybody was warmly discussing the probable abolition of woman's suffrage by the incoming legislature.

"Of course, an amendment to the Constitution

would have to be submitted to the people, but it looks as if sentiment in Colorado were growing in favor of such an amendment. Personally I am neutral on the subject, but my observation is that woman suffrage has worked well in the rural districts, but has been a bad thing in Denver, where it is notorious that the vote of the immoral women of the city is controlled by one man."

I don't know who this Barbee person is, but as he is a male he is probably lying. Every Suffragette knows that in Colorado and every other State where women have the ballot all the evils which disgraced the politics of those States when only men voted have completely disappeared.

I HEAR that the members of the Women's Protective Association read letters protesting against the high trolley car steps at their annual meeting yesterday. If the Public Service Commission fails to consider their appeal, they assert, they will take more drastic measures.

That is entirely as it should be. The rights of the hobble skirt must and shall be preserved.



A GRAND talkfest is to be held by our dear sisters at the Broadway Theatre on January 16. Some of the best-known gentlemen Suffragettes are to speak and of course all our peerless leaders will be there and their speeches will all be nicely typewritten and tied up with yellow ribbons ready to hand out to the reporters.

There is only one prospective cloud on the occasion. The house is to be decorated in yellow and every one, including the ushers will wear yellow rosettes. The band instruments will be swathed in yellow ribbons with one exception. The bass-drummer is a German male tyrant, who does not believe in the Cause, and he will not permit us to put yellow ribbons on the bass-drum and will not wear a yellow rosette on his coat. We can't have him discharged, because he belongs to the union and we don't know what to do. He is nothing but an obstinate Dutchman, with the accent on the man.

A WHOLE lot of the dear sisters have been doing a heroic thing and almost every one of them got her name in the papers. Twenty members of Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch's Political Equality Union armed with buckets of paste and brushes posted bills in various parts of New York announcing the coming lecture of Miss Sylvia Pancake, the English Suffragist, at the Carnegie Lyceum. The party was formed at the clubrooms and the members started out in pairs. Mrs. Blatch and Miss Elizabeth Elsworth Cooke took the territory from Thirty-first to Forty-third Street up Broadway. Among the billposters were Mrs. Blatch, Mrs. Nora Blatch de Forest, Miss Caroline Lexow, Miss Alberta Hill, Mrs. Townsend, Miss Sarah Splint, Mrs. John Winters Brannon, Mrs. John Rogers, Jr., Dr. Jane Berry, Mrs. H. W. Graham and Miss Frances Maul.

Isn't that wonderful! Athens in its palmiest days could never boast such a splendid collection of ecclesiazusa. They are a band of noble women nobly doing a noble work. Long may they live and often may they get their names in print. Give us notoriety or give us death!

PRISCILLA JAWBONES.



HISTORY AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN
HENRY VIII. ENTERING RENO, NEVADA

LIFE



Is it Any Wonder?

"Him wuzza tootest itsie-bitsie pecious lovie lamb,
And him des a sweetest pittie-ittie singie,
yes, him am,
Wis 'im tunnin' itsie footsie, an' him sayin' 'Goo-goo-goo!'
Him was him muzzer's ownest lambie boyzie—cootsie-coo!!!"

To this the baby listens by the hour and day and week—
And yet his mother wonders why he doesn't learn to speak!

—Ladies' Home Journal.

Basement Was Vacant

"Did you say you were a month in your last place?"

"Yes, madam—a week with the family on the top floor, a week with a lady on the third floor, a week on the second and a week on the ground floor."

—Meggendorfer Blaetter.



"WHY DOESN'T JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT BEGIN THE SERVICE?"

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The Valley of Vain Verses

The grief that is but feigning,
And weeps melodious tears
Of delicate complaining
From the self-indulgent years;
The mirth that is but madness,
And has no inward gladness
Beneath its laughter, straining
To capture thoughtless ears.

The love that is but passion
Of amber-scented lust;
The doubt that is but fashion;
The faith that has no trust—
These Thamyris disperses
In the Valley of Vain Verses
Below the Mount Parnassian,
And they crumble into dust.

—Atlantic.

She Guessed

Two ladies, previously unacquainted, were conversing at a reception. After a few conventional remarks the younger exclaimed: "I cannot think what has upset that tall blond man over there. He was so attentive a little while ago, but he won't look at me now."

"Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband."

—Ladies' Home Journal.



One naturally follows the other



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and comforts, warms and strengthens.
Made in a jiffy—*de-light-ful!*

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Simply mix in boiling milk. Gives the most pleasing results, also, in the home preparation of desserts. Sold by dealers in fine food products and at the selected stores with the green signs:—



If you cannot buy Instantaneous conveniently send 40 cents for a half pound can, postpaid, or write for sample.



The Switching Hour

The Introspective Man tied his pajama-strings briskly and got cheerily into bed. He lurched right and left, gathering the blankets in comfortable tucks about him and cutting off all access for air about his neck. He gazed blissfully at the ceiling for three seconds, then squinted down his nose and prepared to sleep.

At this point he became aware that something was wrong. First it was but a whisper of uneasiness and he looked to make sure that he had eliminated the tickle-tassels of the quilt. He had eliminated them. With growing perturbation he felt his legs to see whether his trousers intervened between his pajamas and his skin. No; he had taken them off all right. Then he inquired blankly, "What is it?" It was overwhelmingly certain that something was wrong, something intangible. Was there a ghost in the room? A large ghost?

His scalp began to prickle. He stared round the room and in its absolute usualness found some awful terror. In the course of the next minute this did not pass away, but became more and more oppressive; twice his flesh, in places where it was not fortified by bones, quaked horribly. One thing stood appallingly clear—that for some reason sleep was out of the question, could not be thought of.

Another five minutes of horror ensued. Then with a savage growl the Introspective Man rolled out of bed and switched off the light.—*Punch*.

The Age Limit

Ellen Terry, the actress, was one day talking about the many women who asked her to help them get on the stage, when she said: "Every woman under thirty imagines that she is an actress. And every actress believes that she is under thirty."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

Stood the Test

The hour was 1 A.M.
Inside the dimly lighted hallway stood

Mrs. Dorkins with a grim smile on her face.

The front door was bolted

"John," she said, in cutting accents, "you have been dissipating at the club again!"

"Maria," spoke a voice outside, rapidly, clearly, and distinctly, "he blew lugubriously on the blooming bugle!"

Instantly she unfastened and opened the door.

Mr. Dorkins had not been dissipating.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A Horse for A' That

"Well," reluctantly admitted the hard-pressed Yorkshire horse dealer in the witness box, "I'll admit the animal was blind o' one eye, an' I won't deny he'd springhalt in his off hind leg, an' I'm not saying—seeing the two vets has sworn to it—that he wasn't spavined, an' I'd a sort of suspicion myself that he was a roarer; but he was a gr-r-and hoss!"—*Tit-Bits*.

Caroni Bitters—One (1) pony glass before meals. Best Tonic and Appetizer. No home without it.
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Courting a Belle

"Would it be any harm to deceive her about my age?" inquired the elderly millionaire.

"Probably not."

"I'm sixty. How would it do to confess to fifty?"

"I think your chances would be better with her if you claimed seventy-five."

—*Kansas City Journal*.

Poor Advice

THE TOURIST (*hanging precariously on a shaky limb half-way down the precipice*): And my Psychical Science doctor told me, when in a condition of great mental strain, to relax every muscle.

—*Brooklyn Life*.

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Rhymed Reviews

Once Aboard the Lugger

(By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Mitchell Kennerley)

You'll hardly find a hypocrite
(Save one or two in Dickens)
smugger
Than pompous Uncle Marrapit,
Portrayed in *Once Aboard the Lugger.*

No plea could make the churl disgorge,
Of all the wealth in his possession,
Enough to help poor Nephew George
Embrace the medical profession.

And Doctor George was fairly lost
When skinflint Uncle proved so
charly,
Because a passing cab had tossed
Within his arms a sweetheart, Mary,

Who didn't own a single sou
To pay the rent or buy the fuel.
Oh, what may yearning lovers do
When gilded relatives are cruel!

Now, Uncle loved a pussy-cat,
With silky, orange-colored hair on—
A perfect, priceless Tabby, that
Was called by him "The Rose of
Sharon."

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary everyday-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

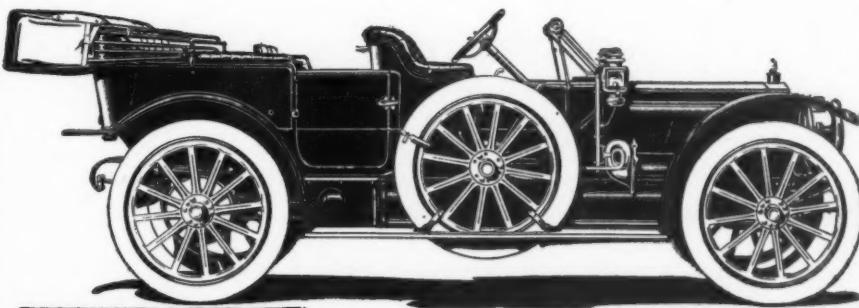
By William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way in one volume:
Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
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Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
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Motor Cars



Rambler
Sixty-five

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New York Dealers: The Rambler Automobile Co.
of New York, 38-40 West 62nd Street, New York

Yet, under Uncle's very nose,
By force and cunning most unhand-
some

Audacious Nephew stole The Rose
And held the darling cat for ransom!

His schemes were foiled by—no, I'll
not

Betray our author; moved to pity,
I'll add, he complicates his plot
By ringing in another kitty

And winds the story up in style:
The lovers graft enough to pair on.
And George embraces Mary, while
His Uncle hugs The Rose of Sharon.

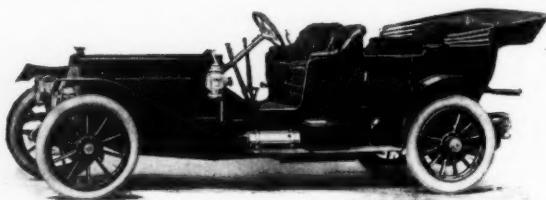
The tale is quite felis-itous.
Though some might term this pun
un-feline,
Forbear to chide your poet thus,
But toward the volume make a bee-
line.

Arthur Guiterman.

PALMER-SINGER



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The Literary Zoo

American Devotion to Slavery

James Bryce is perfectly well aware that the founders of this republic distrusted the people. He made the fact conspicuous when first he gave "The American Commonwealth" to the world, and he is still harping upon it in the new and revised edition, still insisting that the Constitution of the United States must be interpreted in the light of that dislike of liberty which was so characteristic of the men who threw off the British yoke. What James Bryce fails altogether to see is that this dislike of liberty was not peculiar to the members of the glorious convention that sat at Philadelphia in the year 1787. It has survived among their descendants. I distrust the American people because I am an American, and the American people dislike liberty because they resemble one another. If Americans want to be free, let them go abroad where there are free countries. My personal preference is for the system of things we have in this republic, because I was brought up in Philadelphia.

Of course, we Americans go to extremes at times in our eagerness to avoid liberty, and I do not minimize the fact for the sake of proving that British freedom is a bad thing. I am naturally a little narrow, being an American myself, as I said, and therefore, inaccessible to ideas. But it does not necessarily follow that I would be more efficient or more agreeable if I dwelt in a land where there is some freedom, like France. Look at Ireland. She enjoys no more liberty than the United States, and I am glad of it, because the Irish are in consequence as agreeable as ourselves. The moment a land has won its freedom, its people begin to be disagreeable. The

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English are the most disagreeable people in the world, because they have possessed liberty the longest, just as the Chinese are the most delightful of men personally, because they have never known the meaning of freedom.

The dislike of our forefathers for liberty and their distrust of the people were, hence, national blessings, because they were enabled to transmit those characteristics to us. James Bryce has caused much confusion by his failure

to perceive the fact. Not that resignation to servitude is a good thing in itself. It is good only for us. A nation not peculiarly adapted by tradition and temperament to the revised statutes of the United States would sicken and die under them. They would hurt even the Russians. That is, because they want to be free and we do not. If this were a free country all Americans would be perfectly

(Continued on page 184)

Nature, Not Man, Makes This Perfect Laxative



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ABILENA is almost wholly *Sodium Sulphate*, whereas ordinary laxatives contain *Magnesium*, in place of Sodium. Sodium is the *ideal laxative base*. Magnesium is a harsh, harmful *irritant*, which at best can only give you temporary results.

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Sherman is confronted by so many men more ridiculous than himself that he appears by comparison as impressive as a bust of Pallas.

Our American system of checks upon the freedom of the people has at least this advantage, that it places every man upon a plane of perfect equality with all other men. I once drove William Dean Howells off a car just as if he had been some woman, being impelled thereto by a stampede of my fellow passengers behind me. Can the street railway system of Glasgow boast that in the rush hour it has caused Lord Rosebery to be knocked into the mud by a man who distrusts modern democracy? I have heard John D. Rockefeller roundly cursed by a truck driver whose team had just missed running him down, and the sight did me good. I am aware that the illustrious worker in radium, Pierre Curie, was thrown and killed by a wagon in Paris, but I believe the driver regretted it. But not even the richest and most powerful over here are exempt from the conditions under which we are all forced to flourish.

American good nature is as direct a product of the fact that our institutions are rooted in distrust of the people as is British boorishness the consequence of the fact that men in England are free. It is useless to rebel

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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 183)

miserable. If that is what James Bryce tried to say in his introduction to the fine volumes the Macmillans have just issued, I agree. In a state of emancipation from the tyrannies of the time—modern medicine, ethical culture, college education, feminism and the like—we Americans could, indeed, eke out a wretched existence. But the American love for slavery—as potent in its sphere as the German love for dullness, the French love for swindles or the British love for freedom—would always bring us back, if I understand James Bryce, to our present police censorship of the stage and to the suppression of ideas. I hope so. Personally, as I have hinted, I would

much rather remain a slave than be an Englishman.

Only because the American type of mind is servile, I infer from James Bryce's second volume, have our political institutions succeeded at all. The Greeks of the age of Pericles would have made short work of a United States Supreme Court after its somersaults on the income tax. Voltaire would have laughed our system of Senatorial election by State Legislatures out of existence with one sarcasm. That merely affords us new occasion to be grateful for our Hamilton Wright Mabies and our Nicholas Murray Butlers. Were they really great men, American institutions would be in danger. It was solely because Samson was such a giant that the gates of Gaza proved unsafe. James Bryce should never forget that the emergence among ourselves of a genius so sublime as that of Edmund Burke might make Vice-President Sherman look ridiculous. It will, of course, be retorted that one need not think of Burke to make Vice-President Sherman seem ridiculous, to which the reply is that when presiding over the United States Senate, Vice-President



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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 184)

against conditions here, as those who have regular dealings with the express companies are painfully aware. We endure everything, even the slavery of American parents to their children and the slavery of those children to the faddists, just as we tolerate the weather when it rains—even smiling under our umbrellas. In Great Britain they grumble all the time at one abuse or another. Hence, the national manners have been made bad. The Englishman makes himself unpleasant because he has something to gain by it, just as the hopelessness of our institutions has made the American temper sweet. If we, too, hated our servitude, the struggle against it would long since have made us as disagreeable as the English. I prefer slavery to freedom at that price.

Greek and Women

No Christian has a moral right to regret that he is not the devil, but every Christian may speculate without risk to his soul regarding what he might do if he actually were Satan. Were I Satan, for example, my first efforts would be directed to securing the post of Sunday editor on one of



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the big New York dailies. I dare say my ideas would not prove diabolical

enough for the situation. Not that I stop at wondering what I would do if I were the devil. I often wonder what I would do if I favored votes for women.

In that event my very first action would be to seek out the holder of the chair of Greek at Harvard and effect a battery upon him. It would help the cause. One of the surprises of the female suffrage movement is the failure of the advocates of votes for women to take sides in the controversy

(Continued on page 186)

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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 185)

over Greek. Every seat of learning in the whole Anglo-Saxon world has echoed with the noise of the fray for the suppression of compulsory Greek. Those who insist that our young men and women be taught the tongue of Demosthenes base their case upon what they deem the importance of the Greek view of life. Now the Greek view of life antagonized woman for the simple reason that she was woman. The Spartans made of woman a mere instrumentality of population. The Athenians never accorded a political privilege to woman—that would have been in direct conflict with the Greek view of life. If she were a wife and mother, the Athenians secluded woman, and if she influenced the men of affairs regarding public policy she did so because she was a courtesan.

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Euripides has been styled thoroughly modern in outlook and in point of view and no writer of plays in any age has placed woman upon so low a plane. That is because he had what Professor J. P. Mahaffy in his latest book insists upon as the only true basis for our own civilization—the Greek view of life. Much is said of this Greek view of life by the late Churton Collins, whose last book has just made clearer than ever the contempt of the ancient Athenians for the feminine mind. It is impossible to champion

(Concluded on page 187)



"THE CHIEF"—the novel whose serial publication begins in the February issue of "Human Life"—is a picture of the New York City Police and its workings painted from the inside. Told in the first person, it is the life history of a New York urchin who, beginning in the gutter, finds his way into the police by political paths, and through force and wit and avarice and a callous want of conscience goes from grade to grade, from patrolman to roundsman, roundsman to lieutenant, and so on through captaincy and inspectorship until he culminates in Mulberry Street as Chief of Police."



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The Literary Zoo

(Concluded from page 186)

Greek studies at our universities without by implication opposing the cause of woman.

It was a sound instinct, therefore, which prompted the militant English suffragettes to seek out the brilliant Augustine Birrell lately and black his eye. He was kicked in the stomach likewise, it seems, by one of the ladies seeking to vote. It was a perfectly consistent and logical procedure because Augustine Birrell is the stoutest champion in all England of Greek studies and the Greek view of life. He has no right to complain. It was consistent with the Greek view of life to permit assaults upon public men by exasperated females, as one of the plays of Aristophanes implies. The adoption of militant tactics by our own advocates of votes for women should, to be logical, begin, as I have hinted, with a personal assault upon the holder of the chair of Greek at Harvard.

An Agony of Style

A millionaire of my acquaintance was once so poor that he had to lodge in a hall bedroom. A young lady on the floor above had purchased a piano on the installment plan. Nightly she interpreted the most exquisite of all Beethoven's compositions. The piece was a great favorite with my millionaire friend. The young lady in the room above invariably sounded a discord when she reached a certain bar. The anticipation of this discord in-

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spired in my friend an anguish of suspense in comparison with which the period from morn to dewy eve during which Lucifer was falling from Heaven to earth must have seemed as the merest pause between swishes to a schoolboy birched for truancy. That discord lurked in Beethoven with all the majesty of doom for my unfortunate friend. I ache with the exquisiteness of his suspense because I am read-

ing the new serial in *The Century* by Robert Hichens. The wife in that story will not be expecting her husband when she goes to meet the other man, but oh! how I shall expect him.

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Next week's Life is the Theatrical Number. The curtain will ring up on all news-stands about eleven o'clock in the morning, and from that hour there will be a continuous performance with reserved seats for everybody in the country at the popular price of ten cents, or one dime. Ladies and gentlemen, we take pleasure in introducing to you the most colossal array of Refined Comedy, Sparkling Sentiment, Thrilling Situations, Blood Curdling Jokes and Delicate Humor that this world, or any other, has ever seen or heard. Side Splitting novelties. Renowned artists in black and white. A colored entrance by Flagg. All by the celebrated Life Family of Entertaining Specialists, fifty-seven performers all performing at once; assisted by the greatest typographical advertising display in the annals of history. Before entering, you will have an opportunity to examine all the animals in the Literary Zoo or traveling menagerie of Freaks and Fierce untamed authors, many of them brought from the wilds of central Indiana. To be concluded with a wonderful exhibition of Metcalfe's Educated Theatrical Trust, which eats out of the hand and lies down and pretends to be dead by a mere movement of his wand. Come early and avoid care and trouble.

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Physicians vs. Specialists

"We are living in an unfortunate age, so far as the work of the physician is concerned. Not only the profession but the people want quick action. Few are willing to wait for the results of medicine, which is the only means of restoring a perverted function. We have become so crazed by the wonderful and spectacular work of the surgeon that the desire prevails to have everything cut out. The family physician has lost his job. Every one runs to the specialist, who often sees many cases through a biased pair of spectacles. With all his expert knowledge the so-called specialist very frequently specializes with too many diseases, and his treatment is liable to become prejudicial if not empirical. The family physician—if such a man exists—is the one who should treat these cases, for the successful result requires time and careful individualization in each instance."—Dr. H. V. Halbert, Chicago, in *The Clinique*.

Monotony

In books, as a whole, marshes are described as desolate and colorless, great fields of clay or sedge, vast horizons of drab or gray. But this, like many other literary associations, is a piece of poetical injustice. Monotony has nothing to do with a place; monotony, either in its sensation or its infliction, is simply the quality of a person. There are no dreary sights; there are only dreary sightseers. It is a matter of taste, that is, of personality, whether marshes are monotonous; but it is a matter of fact and science that they are not monochrome. The tops of high mountains (I am told) are all white; the depths of primeval caverns (I am also told) are all dark. The sea will be gray or blue for weeks together; and the desert, I have been led to believe, is the color of sand. The North Pole (if we found it) would be white with cracks of blue, and Endless Space (if we went there) would, I suppose, be black with white spots. If any of these were counted of a monotonous color I could well understand it; but, on the contrary, they are always spoken of as if they had the gorgeous and chaotic colors of a cosmic kaleidoscope.—Gilbert K. Chesterton in *London News*.

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A few days after Nat Goodwin's last marriage William Collier, the actor, met him and said: "Well, Nat, I see you've married again?"

"Yes," replied Goodwin.

"Good!" replied Collier. "By the way, Nat, I wish you'd invite me to one of your weddings some time, won't you?"

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Q A good many people believe that Education comes only from schools and colleges.

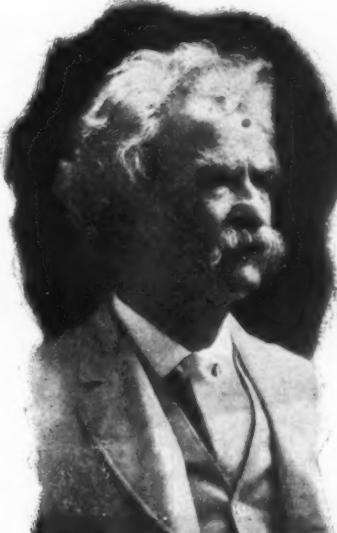
Q It doesn't.

Q The most effective, most worth-while Education comes from a knowledge of human nature and a knowledge of life.

Q And the best way to learn these things that are real, is in the pages of Mark Twain's books. You have thought of him only as a humorist and philosopher.

Q He is far more than this—he is first of all a Teacher, and you may benefit by his rich experience—use his powers of observation—learn human nature through his pages.

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Anarchy

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Capitalism is essentially anarchistic.

The capitalists themselves are anarchistic in their actions. Industrially, they are anarchists in their opinions also. Politically, they may or may not be.

The capitalists are the most lawless citizens we have.

Who corrupted the Senate with sugar trust stock? Who fixes the Congressmen? Who bribed the post-office officials to let fraudulent contracts? Who purchased the Massachusetts legislature? Who purchased the Illinois legislature? Who purchased the Missouri legislature? Who purchased the Colorado legislature? Who bought the St. Louis aldermen? The capitalists.

Who influenced the President to send troops to Chicago in violation of law? Who deported innocent workmen from Colorado in violation of law? Who hires thugs to stir up riots during strikes? Who violates the railway safety appliance law? Who gives the illegal rebates? Who fixes the assessor? Who commits perjury to escape taxes? The capitalists.

Who murdered one thousand and twenty human beings by equipping the "General Slocum" with rotten life preservers, flimsy hose and an inefficient crew? Who murders ten thousand people per year on the railroads of the United States by shoddy equipment and overwork of employees? Who murders and maims one hundred thousand people per year in the factories of the United States by lack of safeguards and overwork of employees? Who murders millions of people with adulterated food and drugs? Who corrupts the legislators by

presenting them with railroad passes? Who bribes the aldermen to grant franchises? Who puts up the money to buy votes for the Republican and Democratic parties? Who insists upon having the cities run wide open in order to stimulate business? Who violates the child-labor law? Who are persistently and brazenly lawless? The capitalists.

What is the essence of anarchy? Lawlessness.

The capitalists are, therefore, anarchists in their actions.—John M. Work, in *What's So and What Isn't*.

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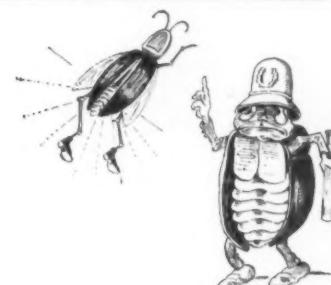
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